SOME THOUGHTS
— AND —
OTHER THOUGHTS

"THESE THOUGHTS GLEANED
FROM CONTACT WITH HUMANITY"

CHARLES E. BURCH

From the WILMER B. SHIELDS Collection

California Room
San Diego Public Library

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/somethoughtsothe0000unse

SOME THOUGHTS

and

OTHER THOUGHTS

"These thoughts gleaned from contact with humanity"

CHARLES E. BURCH
AUTHOR

Copyright, 1928,
by Charles E. Burch

Printed in the United States
of America

To Arrementa

My Guiding Star

Panoramic

A photo of the mental likeness would startle even the original subject.

So often we pose in order to give off impressions.

Mental pictures obtained from the panoramic view of humanity produce many and varied thoughts.

The author of these prose verses, has endeavored to portray thoughts arising from association with mankind, dealing with feelings and emotions as they flit through the human mind.

The idealistic, commonplace, sublime, ridiculous, sober, humorous, joy, sorrow, laughter, tears, smiles, frowns, love, hate, pride, envy, jealousy, humility, and all other emotions, commingle with each other and are daily found in the pathway we tread. Each has its part, and enter into the erection of that greatest of human structures—CHARACTER.

Philosophy

With whatsoever you come in contact
Try and leave it more beautiful
Than when you found it.
And with whomsoever you may be associated
Try to leave them in a better frame of mind
Than when you first met them.

"To every man I give a morsel for sop,
And help him have the dish to sop in,
But I am not called to sop with him
Nor accept his proffer, my sop to put in."

Life—Ideal

Birth

In a darkened room,
God's chosen lay in waiting.
Nature's dominion over life proclaims!
Ushering in with breath abating.
'Tis the hour of travail.
A woman's real pain;
A giving, unflinching, unceasing
Another life to a world of strife,
A soul severed anew in its releasing.

Near by, hovers her heart's real mate,
With anxious look and prayer unspoken!
Gently soothing a furrowed brow,
Quietly awaiting a Divine token.
Courageously and with confidence
The pain passes into relief.
Nature heals its own wound
Quickly reclaiming its own.
A physician past ken and belief.

A human wail, in life's great vale,
A challenge to life eternal
Launched in a pathway unknown and untrod,
Programmed for things monumental.
A page of a book opened to scan;
Under guidance of hope, wish and care.
Moulding each act, each prattle and thought.
Fitting a crown with jewels rare.

With clasp to her bosom,
Nature's storehouse of food,
A mother assumes life's greatest burden.
Sacrificing of self, mastering problems unknown,
Nurturing, cherishing, guiding,
Entering a field, seeking things in store,
With faith in The Omnipotent abiding.

Babyhood

A tender flower budding over with life,
Ever unfolding to grasp of its charm,
Bubbling babyhood, seeking after truth,
Shielded and protected from harm.
A gurgling smile like cooing dove,
A lisp, a prattle, with cupid bow,
Laughing with joy, at a simple toy,
Faltering, hesitating, things to know.

The real music of a home,
Chords symphonic in tone,
An elixir, a purpose, a strain,
Giving motive, strength, courage to mother,
Who masters the thoughts that entrain.
Midst lullaby sung, a vision is seen,
A dream of the future unfolding,
A prophetic muse, of years to come,
As the secrets are now in holding.

The toddling form under guiding hand
Begins a life filled with venture,
A fall, a bruise, a pain, a cry,
'Tis nature's way of giving censure.
Tattered dress, hands dirty and soiled,
Curls, tangled and matty,
Face glistens as if oiled,
Sounds that mean words
Noisome and chatty.

Childhood

Childish plays in childhood days,
With bat, ball, dolls all in the game;
Screams of delight at playmates' plight,
Life full of joy, hearts all aflame,
Innocence in keeping.
Though time may be fleeting,

Yesterday gone, tomorrow not come,
Bursting full with enjoyment of life
Strength unspent, energy stores,
The weapon to cope with all strife.

A scratch, a burn,
Under your feet at every turn—
The patter of steps,
Throughout the days
Called upon to join in all the plays.
Questions are asked,
That would puzzle a sage,
'Tis blooming of youth—
A wonderful age.
With school book and slate,
A kiss and bye, bye,
The little one starts
His pathway to try.

A pretty frock, a jaunty cap,
Happy, carefree, don't care a rap—
A penny here, a penny there,
Tho hurtful at times, yet you dare.
You're hoping and trusting
As you look into the smiling face
That angels will guard
While he is making his race.
That a power unseen
Will always hover
Whose wings will outspread
And grant ready cover.

Youth

Age, unsolved, yet always here,
New thought, new spirit
Taken on without fear,
You shudder and dread

As the days go by,
Whether in midst of duties
Or on bed you do lie,
Watching and waiting
To grasp each new deal—
A tugging at the heart
Of sensations you feel,
There are many advisors,
Who would tell you how
Comparing the past,
Forgetting the now.

The look from the eye,
To question your thought,
A loosening of tether
As more latitude sought.
You're pushed off aside,
Making way for the blood,
Of the buoyancy of youth,
Which ebbs with the flood.
Then 'tis you silently mold
Steadying the course,
Keeping close to the fold;
And with prayers silent and unspoken
You trust and strive to keep unbroken
The ideals you formed when first given,
To keep intact and not to be riven.

Foundations are laid,
Life's pathway the quest,
A journey is begun
One of reality, not of jest.
A goal in ambition to excel and overcome.
It marks the beginning
Not willing to be outdone.
Flaming youth, spirit undaunted
Rushes at its adversary.
Conquering, unquenchable

Thoughtless in the main,
Motive not discretionary
Storming the citadels
Of customs long since used,
With new thoughts, new ideas,
Old things disabused.

Young Womanhood and Manhood

Oh Mysterious Life!
To fathom you, all have tried,
Yet beyond certainty
Each is denied.
Feelings unnoticed, until
With startling reality
There's a change in mentality.
The growth upon the upper lip
Bespeaks manhood's estate;
And life as you would more firmly grip.
New resolves are made and pointing
Toward changing the old hearth stone.

With lowering eyes she greets her swain,
Hands clasped, words unspoken,
'Tis but the twain,
Nothing else is of matter,
The plighting of troth,
Dew drops of love to scatter.
Plans laid, air castles builded—
Some are real,
But much only gilded.
'Tis age of mating dove
All else forgotten,
In realms of love,
Thoughts mostly of trousseau,
And bridal array
No time is reckoned
But wedding day.

A joyous occasion,
A leading afar,
For a new home is started
By young Lochinvar.
Midst showers of rice,
And blessings bestowed,
A bride and groom venture
On life's river as it flowed.
There's naught but happiness
Wished them, yea, a prayer,
That measures may be fullest over there.
The homestead door now is closed—
A new era is in the molding.
Life in earnest now unfolding.

The quickening conscience to mate,
Brings thoughts that need no tutor,
A knowledge supplied from a higher power.
And those quickly by the mentor.
The halo grows about a mother's head,
The father's shoulders broaden,
New ideas, greater cares to assume,
Pathways yet to be trodden.

Parenthood

Hers—"the sweetest babe ever born."
His—"a son—an heir."
How closely interwoven
Yet how clearly shorn,
Rapidly the wheels go round
Time flees, waiting not,
But by leaps and bounds
Brings on each era.
A mother becomes more matronly
Father more sturdy grows,
Careers are planned,
Horizons scanned,
Arrows spent by bending bows.

Quakings are felt in a mother's heart,
The locks of hair turn white,
Many anxious hours are spent
While youth makes gay in the night.
Storms come—the wind with its blast
Overturns many a bark,
Shivering a stalwart mast,
Rocks and crags are ahead
And through lightning's flash
Shivering forms go down
In wreckage produced by the crash.

The steady hand of him at wheel,
Facing the gale with its strain,
Depends much on character wrought
In building a life for real gain.
The keel he knows,
And the masterly hand that fashioned
The beams that hold.
'Twas thought and planned
To meet in conquest, storms of life—
Conscious of victory in the great strife,
The cable that ties, midst ribald and scorn
Holds lives closely knit
And cannot be torn
From the deepening root.

The gales die away
With wailing moans,
The clouds are rift
With the sun's bright ray,
And sorrows' tears are staid and dried,
Again it lights the pathway.
Shining forth in enlightenment,
Seasoned and tempered
In protecting the fold,
From Summer's drought
Or Winter's cold.

Gnarled hands, fingers bent,
Forms that oft are shaken,
Much strength that is spent
Yet fresh in spirit.
Proudly under each arch
The steps, though not so quickly,
Yet ever onward in the march,
A backward glance for a moment,
Then pressing forward to the fray,
Not counting time in the struggle,
To its finish "The perfect day."

The halo the broader grows,
As mother rocks in her chair,
Thinking and praying those silent prayers,
The talisman for entrance over there,
The whitened hair on father's brow,
Bespeak an hoary age,
As toward the closing chapter
Leaves turn page by page,
Music and song, from voices young and old,
'Tis life in its fullness,
The sweetest e'er told,
As the notes waft heavenward
In perfect harmony blended—
Two souls wing their flight
Thus life having ended.

Life—Chance

Birth

With clanging bell and shrieking siren,
An ambulance races its way,
Bearing a female in labor's travail,
'Tis in course of events they say.
A hospital room, ghost-like and white,
The nurse makes ready a bed,
The doctor all gowned officiates—
"A nine pound infant" it is said.

A telephone call reaches some one,
With message to a husband to deliver
"That his baby has been born."
A questionable reply to the giver.
Then with pencil and paper
He does some calculating
And as pads are shoved away
His mind is speculating.

The infant is left behind
Too bothersome you know
Don't want to be carrying it
Every place I want to go.
Can't stand a squalling youngster
Jars upon my nerves you see
Wish I didn't have it,
Then I could in fact be free.

Has the colic. What do you do for that?
Mercy why do babies get sick?
If I could think what mother would do,
But I just can't—head's too thick.
Improper food? That can't be true,
The schedule is one, two and three.
The nurse is instructed to attend to that
So I can be footloose and free.

Keep out of the dirt!
Stop making so much noise,
Go wash your face,
Now play with your toys!
No, you can't go with mother,
I want to shop in the stores,
And I just can't be hampered
Kids are always a bore.

I'll report you to your father,
He'll straighten you out very soon,
What's that? You don't know him!
Now what do you think of that tune.
Oh well! Run along don't bother
I'm expecting some ladies for tea
Such is life with your baby
You can't ever be free.

Yes he's advanced for his age,
Says many cute words you know,
No, I never take time with letters
I've so many places to go.
I belong to the community center
And the mother's club you see,
Yes, I could do much good,
If only I was free.

Yes, I'm much interested in the welfare
Of the youth of the present day,
I'm scheduled to deliver several talks.
The people listen to what I say.
My speech I want to have published
We're planning important work,
No, I never have any home ties
That cause my civic duty to shirk.

My child in trouble!
He's not to blame I know,
I'll take it up with the club
And we'll find out Mr. So and So.
I declare! If mothers
Would raise their children right
There wouldn't be all this fuss
Of the kids being in a fight.

Want money for the game!
You're spending a good deal I must say
Seems to me you're out every night
And the night oft runs into day.
Better stop school and get a job
So you won't be such a drain on me;
I don't see why women raise children
How much better, if we were free.

With auto dolled up,
And tank full of gas,
He starts up the motor
Goes seeking a lass.
Whirls away to the beaches
And there on dancing floor
He spend life's energy
In the terrific roar.

Words of caution unheeded;
Pell mell to keep up the gait,
Drawn into a motley crowd
Unmindful of cost or rate.
Broken in spirit and health
Nothing garnered in the wreck
And often, oh so often,
He goes down with the deck.

True ideals in life unheard of—
Mismated, shattered and torn,

Cursing life for the giving
Wishing he had never been born.
Divorce court sought in effort
To be rid of marital yoke;
Club life, drink and carousal,
Nothing real, nothing but a joke.

If perchance an offspring
Is left standing at the door,
It soon is hustled off
To the community public store.
There midst many others
Denied God's great bequest,
If fashioned a problem—
The outcome—but a guess.

The sires pass unto oblivion
Forgotten by their fellowman
Nothing worth while is left
On life's book to scan.
What was the matter, you ask,
Not taught the principles of love
The precepts as given to us
By the Omnipotent One above.

The Kick Out of Life

'Tis a day of bold adventure,
A defying of the Laws of God,
We're winging our way heavenward
No longer are old pathways trod.
Spheres mingle and conflict
Yea, everything runs rife
The kick has been taken out of liquor
Now they want the kick out of life.

Suffragetted with utmost candor,
Under guise of helping man
Women have backed him off the map
And now he belongs to "the also ran."
Modesty is no longer a virtue
The rib has become so much greater
Than the body from whence it was taken,
It is now puzzling the Creator.

We're stepping on gas with vengeance
Not knowing the rate nor goal,
We're going someplace, somewhere,
Lost sight of that we call soul.
The elixir we seek nightly
Going at terrific pace
Our bearings burn out and rattle
But we keep on entering the race.

Nomadic in our ventures
Sporadic in quest defined,
Dissembling in our attitude
Deceitful with art refined.
Our ideas have become sophistry—
Things we were taught to believe
Are now framed as chromos
Others we try to achieve.

Our language used to be courteous
Sort of recognizing your fellowman,
Now it's pepped up and snappy
Sounds kind o' harsh like a pan.
Our clothes used to be for wearing
Protection from wind and storm
Now it's "lack of them" that's attracting
A showing off of the human form.

Our food used to be good and wholesome.
The ham was always corn fed,
The gravy was spotted and tasty,
Now all you can say "It's red."
Our biscuits were three story
And with butter on the stack—
But why dream of your boyhood
Those days are gone, alas and alack.

Our Pa's and Ma's were important,
Disobedience was met with a chill;
Now about the only benefit
Is one who will pay the bill.
Regular hours was the program
Early to bed, an adage taught;
Now we don't get home 'til morning
Sometimes not then, if we're caught.

We used to enjoy our driving
Along the thoroughfare
Noticing the beautiful scenery,
Breathing in the fragrant air.
But now we are rushing headlong
Over roads and paved cement,
While our nostrils burn
Of the gas, and other scent.

The old family doctor
Was your friend, when you were ill,
And most all the ailments
Were cured with a simple pill.

But now the physician and surgeon
Incased in mask and gloves,
Cuts, saws and experiments
Looking for a treasure trove.

We used to have parties and gatherings,
Playing games like "blind man's buff."
We would make taffy and popcorn
And other kindred stuff;
Cards were played by bad boys
In secret behind the barn,
We never played hookey from classes
And we were afraid when caught in a yarn.

But things have changed considerably,
The decks are in the parlor now;
We take out a stack and sit in,
And generally ending in a row.
We used to call it gambling
Followed by an evil mind,
But now somehow or other
It seems a different kind.

Reading, writing and arithmetic
Were majors in our school.
And the pupil who couldn't spell
Was seated on the dunce's stool.
Speech days were celebrated
On Friday afternoon,
And closing day the event of all
That generally came in June.

Now I don't know, what's the matter
New fangled ideas are installed,
But I'll venture to say with certainty
That the major number are balled;
And can't read their own writing
Nor add up the numbers set down—
One thing I'll admit can be told you
The number of miles to town.

Kids came out of school when we were boys
Tuned up to help the old man,
A recompense for sacrifice given
Looked forward to since school began.
But we're now pushed aside
Can't keep up the step you know
We have no place in the rowing club
Because we haven't been taught to row.

Our wives used to be our help-mates,
Queen of the house as it were
And the household administration
Was solely left to her.
The discipline was instructive
She ruled with words of love,
Her warriors went forth to battle
Returning like the peaceful dove.

Now it seems to be the fancy
To spend most of the time at the club,
Discussing the mutual welfare
Hoping to end the hup bub.
Home is just a roosting perch
Last place to go when we're thru,
A place the postman has your address
To leave your bills past due.

Life indeed has become a quandary,
Shoving along with unsteady gait,
Headed, sometime, somehow, somewhere,
At a very rapid rate.
We're analyzed and sterilized
With thermometer, scale and knife,
Investigated, fumigated and regulated
Until all the kick's gone out of life.

To My Friend

Midst life's current,
As it onward flows,
Toward goal which
In sublime faith it knows,
There's a pause—an eddy.

As if to fill
The soul with a thought
Of things worth while—
To the end that is sought
Helping to make the boat steady.

A clasp of the hand
The look from the eye
Of one, whom in life
You never pass by,
However fast the trend.

The sails unfold
To feelings untold
An understanding, a purpose—
Each with an oar
Battling life, in its roar
Thus do I hold my friend.

What Have You Got?

Saint Peter was standing
At the gates ajar,
Noting a line
Coming near and far,
And girding his loins
To meet the array
With questions and answers
He held them at bay.

"What have you got?"
He queried of one,
Who had pushed far front
Not to be outdone.
"I have mortgages and bonds
On earth's fair domain."
"Obligations are all cancelled
Ere you here entrain."

"What have you got?"
Was asked of a dame,
"To authorize you to present your name?"
"I've engagements galore,
In life's busy maze."
"You've still some unfilled."
The saint said with a gaze.

"What have you got?"
To one with a scroll.
As he looked him over
And into his soul.
"I've knowledge of books,
A man of letters."
"Partially fitted only,
Other things are better."

"What have you got?
That you come
With such a tussel
With show of strength
And display of muscle?"
"I'm the world's ideal in fighting."
"Too bad, too bad,
All else you're slighting."

"What have you got?
For talisman at the door,
To entitle you to enter
And trod the golden shore?"
"I have the union card,
Emblem of organization."
"We have no clocks, hours, nor pay checks
In this corporation."

"What have you got
That you are coming this way,
Seeking admission
To an eternal day?"
"I'm the world's great statesman,
Diplomatic and keen."
"'Tis things of the heart
Not the mind that is seen."

"What have you got
And why bring a kit?
Those who have entered here
Are suitably fit!"
"I'm a physician to those
Who are in life sailing."
"But there is no pain, nor disease
In this life that is ailing."

"What have you got
That you can offer
To brothers.
Is your heart full of deeds

You have done unto others?"
"I've thought of self,
In the contest of life."
"There's nothing here,
As reward for such strife."

"What have you got
To present at the gate,
What have you done
In what class do you rate?"
"I'm a builder and constructor,
An architect fair."
"He has gone before
All places to prepare."

"What have you got
That you stand
There and plead—
Think you Divine wisdom
Now stands in need?"
"I'm a lawyer, with precedents to cite,"
"The law of Love is the one
That will always measure right!"

"What have you got
From nature's great store,
That you come with a basket
Asking for more?"
"To capture the world
Has been my life's goal."
"What have you gained
That you now lose your soul?"

"What have you got?"
To the last one in line
Whose face was aglow
And heart that did shine.
"I have love for mankind
Of all kindred nation,"
"Enter," said Peter,
"'Twas God's thought in creation."

Be Real

If you told a story
In poetry or prose,
If a flower you'd pluck
Be it a lily or rose;
Would it not be more natural
From a heart that can feel,
To let it be truthful
Or let it be real?

If you would paint a picture
From an ideal deep in your heart,
With the blendings of color and shadows
Portrayed upon canvas apart,
Would not your greatest effort
Ultimately be, ere you affixed your seal,
To imitate the natural
And try to make it real?

If you sang a song for pleasure
In privacy, or on public stage,
And your ear was attuned to plaudits
And happiness your wage,
Would not the notes be sweeter
As you would them in music deal
If they came from the soul's outpouring
Sounding the depth of the real?

If you would live a life of profit
And gather in the fold,
Things that are most worthwhile
And treasures you can hold,
Would not those jewels be safest
And free from the enemy's steal
If kept in the heart's great store house
With other things that are real?

If you would form a friendship
That would last as you go along,
With the thought of tomorrow
In keeping you right from wrong
Let HIM pilot your life boat,
Governing sail and keel
Guiding you to a destiny
Where all things are real.

Would You—Could You?

If you were called upon
To construct a world to your taste
Where would you choose the setting,
Whom would you have for the caste?
What location would you have as axes—
Around what would you have it revolve?
Could you with your puerile mind
Determine or even try to resolve?

Would you change this old earth
From its orbit or rate,
And place it in other fields
And regulate the gait?
Could you find, or even imagine
A more celestial sphere,
That that, that is now given you
And you're enjoying here?

Would you alter the seasons
Making them all the same?
Would you modify the roaring tempests
Could you make them more tame?
Would you remove the majestic mountains
Or change the rivers' source—
Would you level all the hills
Making all a matter of course?

Could you grow the forests
Would you change the sighing winds?
Could you bedeck with flowers
In the many colors and kinds?
Would you change the jewel lakes
That are on the earth's domain
Could you bring on the beautiful snow
Or quench the thirst with the rain?

Would you take from Jove's armour
His lightening Javelyn stroke,
Or muffle his voice
When in thunderous tone he spoke?
What sort of a door bell would you have
To make your presence known?
Would you change the plan
And not reap what you have sown?

What beasts of field, birds of air,
Yea, fishes in the deep,
Would you decide to locate here
Such as you would keep?
What manner of man would you create
If it was left to you—
Whose image would you pattern after
And what would you have him do?

Do you think you have measured up,
Or used your talents fair,
Don't you think that your grumbling
Is lack of—rather than burdens you bear?
Just look all around you,
The blessing you continually receive;
And would not, no could not
I verily believe.

A Bouquet

Graceful in form,
Whose damask petals bespeak beauty,
Whose fragrance blends
An atmosphere of perfume captivating.
Like unto royalty,
In proudly holding her noble head
And greets you haughtily;
Protected by javelin darts
She climbs towards heavenward goal—
Colorful, a rage of shades,
Taken from an Artist's palette
And painted by a Master hand—
My Rose.

Majestic, whitely robed,
Mentioned with wisdom ages ago.
Gloriously bedecked
Grace folds your robe
On your shoulders.
Every part defined!!
Where fashioned?
Naught but God
Could carve the cup, that holds you.
Wax-like, in bold relief
You stand alone, a thing of beauty,
My lily.

Oh you tousled head!
Shaggy like uncombed hair of gold
How we clasp you!
In autumn days of frosted leaves.
The pungent odor
A tonic of spirits after Summer's race
Draws us closely to harvest time.

Seemingly kindled with virility.
You claim your own.
Yours a place,
My chrysanthemum.

A clinging vine,
Whose tendrils weave
And intertwine my flowers—
Holding each to the other,
A spray, like a sword,
Guards each blossom
In my bouquet.

Troublesome Winds

We all have our troubles
In life's busy whirl,
But somehow or other
The sails unfurl
And our boat glides on
A little scratched and marred—
The leak quickly stops
After being retarred.

For a time we get chaotic
Giving vent to wails and moans,
Pour out our grief
Coupled with groans.
Ours is the deepest trouble
Calamitous is our pain,
We seek the ear of a listener
Again and again.

No gale ever blew so fiercely—
We're chosen, the cross to bear,
We review all our life's past
And the deep of the heart unbare.
We seek and receive pity,
Sobbing out our great affliction
Not counting that perhaps
We are guilty of dereliction.

We count all the breakers,
Know all the jutting crags,
Lamenting that the canvas
Plays loosely, and often sags.
But the wind changes soon
And sunshine again appears.
The face glows and brightens,
Laughter drives away all tears.

Our pathways cannot always be smooth,
Something else beside a pleasant dream,
Character is moulded only
In contest and victory it seems.
Let's tighten up our armour
When our trouble assails,
Keep the prow headed right
And let right winds swell our sails.

Pictures I Would Like to Erase

The human form all mangled and torn,
Eyes that are sightless, faces forlorn,
Limbs distorted and twisted, body all shrunken,
Arms and hands all wasted, cheeks sunken,
The blight of God's image,
I would like to efface.
Yes, 'tis a picture I would like to erase.

A dethroned reason, mind all blank
Mentality gone, mournful and dank,
Failure to grasp life's richest blessing;
Persecuted with imaginary things distressing.
Haunted and pursued
By a visionary face,
Another picture I would like to erase.

Sorrows, sickness and disease
I would remove, and bring back the ease.
All character of mental and physical pain
Would be blotted out, in the main.
I would reclaim and restore on the whole
To a fullness of life with cleansing of soul.
How beautiful, how happy to the human race
If pictures like the above
We could only erase.

The Sign Post

Ages ago a tablet was given
To a patriarch, for guidance to man,
Whereupon were engraven
Fixed principles of life;
Enduring and infallible to those who scan.
The Omnipotent hand with chisel and mallet
Marked well the rules for the race,
Time though fleeting, fraught with distrust,
Is not sufficient to erase.

Philosophers have studied in puerile way,
Setting up with human measures
Trying to solve the reasons therefor
And wrest from God the treasures.
Science digs deeply in realms of germs,
With microscopic eye to the fore,
The quest is in vain, the secrets lie hid
However deeply they bore.

With cycles of time, the thought rages on,
Like crafts on tumultuous sea;
Yet a guiding hand holds fast to the helm
Directing us to a fixed destiny.
Restless eras champ at the bit;
Much noise and affected evasion—
Yet the All-seeing eye, masters and directs
Toward goal of life's certain equation.

Life measured by the rule,
On the tablet of stone,
And projected toward its ultimate goal,
Has value unrivaled and reckoned above
In the book "Record of Soul."
Keep your eyes on this post,
Direct your course true,
'Tis the only right way
And means much to you.

To My Wife

Life hovering in ecstatic state,
Guided by love in finding its mate
Like a honey bee seeking the flower
To feast on the nectar
Its sweetness to devour,
Encircling a Jewel, whose lustre rare
Shone out with brilliance exceedingly fair.

Our troth is plighted, a vow is spoken,
A chain of love, still unbroken.
We've wandered through an Elysian field
Garnering the harvest; a bounteous yield.
Hands clasped together, facing the gales,
Our bark has launched forward
With full swelling sails.

The love that is given
Throughout all, ne'er riven,
For better, for worse, on life's stage,
Pure, unselfish, undaunted,
Buoyant with youth, mellow with age,
A true companion, hearts that confide
A sacred devotion on both abide.

Token's offered, a mother's devise,
Midst travail and pain,
Under all seeing eyes,
Brooding her offspring, nurtured with care,
Bearing patiently and lovingly,
Life's greatest share.
To her I give honor, yea, more,

I have indeed been blessed.
My heart's full of love
For her who has caressed,
Again I am honored, and
I pledge the best of my life,
To her, my sweetheart,
My own little wife.

The Legal Profession

In these days of many laws,
Some must needs be well read
To counsel and advise
That feet may safely tread.
The times are fraught with distrust
And many seek a position
Which leaves their fellowman
In an unfavorable condition.

Too often, criticism is heard
On members of bench and bar,
By those who measure not
On what the effect of the jar.
Your legal friend in his pleading
Has only your statement for guide,
And when you have been unfair
His legal shafts go far wide.

Some speak of a crookedness,
Among those of legal lore,
And give vent to expressions
Indicating disgust, and sore.
But you never stopped to figure
That the lawyer is only the agent
And representing someone else
Who is chieftain in the pageant.

If there were no crooked folks
'Twould be no crookedness at the bar,
Our Courts would move more quickly
Eliminating the things that mar.
Our procedure would be simple
Justice would be speedily dealt
And 'twould save much paper
And other things that are felt.

You rush for the latest extra
Hardly waiting 'til off the press,
Disappointed if not a full column
On something under stress.
If the lawyer has moved to suit you,
You loud his praises sing
But if perchance he was checked
Then other things you fling.

His is the only profession
In which you own his whole time
One where, when the court appoints
He doesn't receive a dime.
He throws out his armour
To ward off the arrows sent
His is the shield that is pierced
And whose legal cloak is rent.

Standing before Judge and Jury
Pleading with tears in his eyes,
Stifling an innermost concience
Which tells him "They were lies."
Then when the jury retires
And a formal ballot taken
"Guilty" upon all the counts,
The lawyer feels he's forsaken.

Off times the court trial
Is like a game of chess
Movements made upon the board
The king in background, thought of less.
Lawyers do all the moving,
Trying to check the way,
And the gallery will be crowded
To hear what they're going to say.

The judge listens to a barrage
For days and weeks on a case

Trying hard to keep in mind
Vital issues unsolved in the race.
And must needs pick out all flaws
Separating the real from the shammed
And when honestly gives his best
By the loser he is damned.

If people would be more honest
In dealing with their fellowman
Recalling the Golden Rule
And other virtues scan,
You would find the lawyer
To be foremost in their praise
But to lift the moral standard,
You, yourself must help raise.

X-Rays

How much of the real is seen today,
How much is covered in this and that way,
How often the truth is garbled and bent,
How often the darts of deceit are sent.

Our faces are masked with powder and paint,
We're chewing gum to hide the taint.
Our forms made up with padding and stuff,
Our words are smooth, but heart is rough.

Many a smile hides an aching heart,
Yea, often a laugh a cancer covers,
Presenting a bold front to public gaze,
When down in the soul a real fear hovers.
Courage affected to dissemble,
Yet, in reality, all in a tremble.

We strenuously labor in devising a plan
To put across a deal, tho deceiving fellowman,
We call it business, the policy that pays
But how would it look, under the X-Rays?

Suppose by some scientific means,
Our minds were analyzed
And thoughts were clearly indexed,
No need to be catachised.
I wonder then what folks would do
Would it strike out the false notes
And everything ring true?

Would it do to tell the truth,
And be honest, straight, thorough?
Do you believe the plan would work
And what would it do for you?
Your life is in the balance
On scales that are measured true,
"You do unto others, as you would
That they should do unto you."

A Medical G. I.

Staggering into a clinic one day
I offered myself to doctor's say,
Met at door by a uniformed lad,
Noted faces of others, they were sad.

Led to desk, some paces to rear,
Upon which were flowers, as if to cheer
Away thoughts of distress and pain,
Sort of invitation to come again.

Nurse No. I with politic airs,
Disabused my mind of worries and cares,
Requesting name, and property holdings,
Indexed the same, program unfolding.

I was told to be seated
In a leather upholstered chair,
And patiently await my turn
For there were others there.

Some holding their heads,
Others the abdominal region,
All with looks as if,
Pains were a legion.

There was no voice of laughter,
Nor humming of song,
'Twas silent and ghostlike
As if all nature was wrong.

There were phonographs and songbirds
All silent without sound,
But you could almost imagine
Beating hearts that did pound.

Picture books and magazines
Were present galore,
Fine Wilton rugs were
Spread upon the floor.

I sat there in patience
Awaiting the time
My turn to take
When the clock it would chime.

Trying hard to have courage
Awaiting my fate,
Wondering if I had come
Ere it was too late.

Nurse No. 2
Then beckoned from a door
For me to enter
Where others had gone before.

With hopeful look, I tip-toed in,
And the door was gently closed.
I saw a line of faces
With looks that were reposed.

You will please mount these scales
Said Nurse No. 3,
We want to get your weight,
"Ah! Very much under, I see."

You will now be seated here
And punched a chronometer
While into my mouth
She thrust a thermometer.

Nurse looked away
Thrumming on a table,
While the mercury in the tube
Mounted as far as it was able.

A record was made
The exact degree
Nurse left the room
I thought I was free.

But then a young Doctor walked in,
And tapping me on the pate,
"We'll now see how
In other things you rate."

My mouth was pried open
With a long-like silver spoon,
"Your teeth must all come out,
If not, you sure will die soon."

A flash went up my nostrils,
And with telescopic view
Said something about adenoids,
I don't recall, whether one or two.

He then opened wide my throat
Making an awful cavity
Commented on what I ate
That had gone down by gravity.

He see-sawed around
The tonsils in my throat
Doing his best, it seemed to me
To land something in a boat.

He finally cut the hauser
Which had been holding me,
And my jaws came together
Assuming normalcy.

Tonsilitis, laryngitis,
Many catarrahal effects,
The wind pipe needed blowing out
And many other defects.

All marked and charted,
Sighing I asked, "Are you thru?"
"Why no," he replied,
"Just started on you."

Holding out a card—
"Can you see this letter?"
"If you'd hold it still
Perhaps I could see better."

"Umph! Take off
Your coat and vest,
Sit here, want to
Try out your chest."

He pounded me
Before and aft
With such looks
I thought he was daft.

"Have you, or any of your
Folks had consumption?"
I thought he'd know
If he had any gumption.

He then wrapped my arm
With a rubber bag,
And began pumping in air
To take out a sag.

He kept watching a dial
Which was hanging on the wall,
The hands of which would shoot up
And then again would fall.

"Your pressure too low."
Indicating improper diet.
But when I was released
I felt the blood run riot.

"I'll now take your heart action,"
And grabbed onto my wrist
Counting beats with his watch
He held in his fist.

"Loses one in three."
As time piece went back to pocket,
"My end soon would be,
Mind flashed like a rocket."

He shook his head
And went out the door
I became uneasy
And paced the floor.

Soon another came in
With arms all bare
With a grin on his face
I felt I was done for fair.

"Strip off your clothes,
And lie down on this table."
My heart almost stopped
But I obeyed as soon as able.

Various thoughts flitted
As I lay there exposed
Knives, saws, hatchets,
Other visions reposed.

I thought of my family
In town far away,
Calculating my insurance
For the rainy day.

Two others came in
Taking places near by,
Ready to check me,
If I made an outcry.

The slab was cold
My flesh was in a shiver,
Pulsations almost stopped
Heart was a quiver.

Hands dug into my abdomen,
Moving like kneading dough
Poked, pinched, putted and twisted
By turns, each one in the row.

What a time they were having
At my expense,
With liver, kidneys and entrails,
All in suspense.

Not a word was spoken
You are a subject to taste,
Not necessary to hurry
You have no need of haste.

They look at each other
Then down on my pallid face
The hospital looms before me
I see the end of my race.

I had appendicitis and gall stones,
Enlargement of the spleen,
Strong symptoms of cancer,
Ulcerations could be seen.

My veins were varicose,
The conditions must be changed
Such was the result of conference
Over the various things ranged.

I was then permitted to arise
When by the shade of Aristotle,
One reached upon the shelf
And handed me a bottle.

I needed no advice
To perform this act
For truth was long since
It was a salty fact.

"Now jump up and down,
Bend this way and that
Push out your chest
'Keep your abdomen flat."

I hopped and skipped
And stood on my toes,
Cutting all sorts of didos
As a doctor only knows.

My pedigree was taken,
And the data went so far.
To ascertain if in ancestry
There was anything to mar.

I glanced at my chart
With its marked complexion,
I could see at a glance
To what I was headed and the direction.

To torture and pain
And final dissolution.
And soon this mortal
Would suffer pollution.

I asked for my bill
Beginning to fret
And it was so large,
I'm paying it yet.

The circus was over
The experiment was thru,
My exit was hasty
I bade them adieu.

I often think back
When driving my car,
Marshal was right,
"Get you a good five-cent cigar."

Ain't It The Truth

Hey Kid! Step on the gas!
Give her the juice,
Cut out the slowness
What's the use.
To hell with the sign posts—
No cops in sight,
Step on it, throw her open!
Let's get a thrill tonight.
AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

Tell the old folks we're advancing
They're too slow for our pace.
Throw her wide open, kid,
Feel the wind! That's the race,
Jiggers! Speed cops on the corner,
Dern the town, it's too slow.
Why don't they give us leeway—
That's what I'd like to know.
AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

Say gal, you got my lip stick?
I'm painted up like a doll tonight.
Going to make a squeeze on those sheiks.
I'm going to hit the trail for right,
Got anything on your hip?
Gee, tastes like dynamite.
Cut it kid, that's enough
You don't want to get tight.
AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

What's that! Makin sixty—
Whew boy! We're going, that's the stuff,
We're sure setting a pace, don't say nuff,
What! You hear something breaking—
Nothing doing, it's your head,
Your brains creaking.
AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

Golly the dance floors all mazy,
Here take this bag,
Give me a white one,
I'll drag a couple, things are hazy.
Get onto the step, pep it up kid,
Hit the ball,
Pipe down on the necking,
We're the dancin' fools in the hall.
AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

Look at the jane with the frowsy
Take a peep at those knees,
Gosh! You'd think from the clothes—
Or want of them she'd freeze.
Say boy! Let's nip one from the flask
Poor stuff, smells like ether,
But you can't have what you ask.
AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

Cut the slow ones
Give us the jazz,
Limber us up with static
Let them all do the razz
Get onto the whirl of the saxy
Speed her up, that's the life,
Hey! Hold her tighter, she's not your wife,
AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

What's that—Last Extra!
Gee the night has been fine,
Get a hustle on kid, push in,
Don't be the last in the line
Give the Stutz the gas, boy,
Honk her horn, get out of the road
Back her up, now for a run,
Give her the gun, give her the gun,
AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

Take a risk kid, you can make it,
Don't be easy, they'll call you slow.
Speed her up, go kid, speed,
That's what we want, you know.
What do we care for rubber,
Autos are made to go,
Feed her the gas, James,
Press down on the button, let her flow.
AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

What's that ahead of us,
Hey! Cut out the loving, use both hands,
If you don't by cracky
You'll be in other lands.
Lay over there, we'll ditch you
And put an end to your spoonin'.
Get off the highway if you can't drive,
Go out to a park with your moonin'.
AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

What's that! What's the time?
Four o'clock in the morning.
Oh well, life is life,
New things are now adorning.
I'll take a fall in the hay now—
Who was I with, oh he's no slouch,
He's there with the goods
Knows his onions, I'll vouch.
AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

Breakfast over! Gee I'm tired—
My legs and feet are aching,
Body seems like it's mired;
But say, do you know
Sure is a fast one
This day of get and go,
And if you want to be classy
You can't afford to be slow.
AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

Salesmanship

The gullible public
Like shearing sheep
Awaiting the shearer
With nothing to keep,
From the smooth artifices
Of vendor of wares,
Become easy victims
To him who dares.
No wonder the showman
In days gone by
Made millions,
And did not half try.
He called it catching Suckers,
Not statesmanship
But now modern term
Is—Salesmanship.

Every trade and profession
Is measured by gain;
In dollars and cents
Regardless of pain.
If the deal is put over
You are asked to sign
Your name and promise
On a dotted line.

You have no time to ponder
Or discuss the scheme—
In fact you haven't said anything
You were told it was absolutely clean;
And were you to falter
Or alas should really fail,
He'd make you feel like a dummy
And ought to be in jail.

But after it is over,
And you check up on stock—
That's when you wake up
And receive the greatest shock.
You find you've been fooled
And then vexed and chagrined—
It slowly dawns on you
That a salesman has you skinned.
You vow no, never again,
Will you be such a fool,
But he was a step ahead
And will follow another rule.

It's the same in all things
Wherever you turn,
We're sold and resold
From the cradle to the urn.

They call it science
With all the trimming
But the truth of it all is
That it is just plain skinning.
But it's no use to grumble
Or raise such a wail,
Just get a line of goods,
And learn how to make a sale.

Stuck Up

We's actin mighty proud,
Dese days and times,
Ain't payin much tenshun
To de bark and de signs.
Goin along on our baited hook
Don't know whar we's gwine
Cause can't take time to look.
We's stuck up wid de livin
Lookin pretty much arter self
And doin little givin.
Jes hootin and tootin
On rubber wheels
Ain't figgerin no time
On other fellers feels.

We blaze along de highroad
Wid de honkin of de horn
Scarin de daylights out o folks
And evry other thing that's born—
We's movin in a new age,
A jedge done went and said,
And you'se got to keep up
Or you jes better go to bed.
Ain't got no time for de slow ones
Dey's outclassed for true.
You sure must keep a hustlin
And bitin of dese things anew.

Why man dey don't eat natural like,
In dese hyar festive days,
You grab up your own stuff
Shoving along wid a tray—
Dey push you on ahead
In dere cafeteria,
Until you'se done lost your appetite
And gets kind of hysteria.

You'se jest waiting on yoself
In dese hyar eatin places
Don't take no time to look up
To see de oder faces.

We don't hab de preachin
Same's we had awhile back:
Don't hear de joyous shoutin
When de debil's driven back.
Seems sort of cold like
De messages, mostly read,
And from de sound of de words
Or what de preacher sed
I ain't neber seen sech in de Bible
But it seems to fill de bill,
Cause when de collectshun's takin
De folk fill up de till.

We ain't doctored like we once was,
When ole Doc was called in.
Dere neber was all dis foolin
And gessin whar to begin.
We jes held out our tongue, took a physic
Maybe left three or four pills
Now we is put thru a real session
And ain't nothin left but bills.
Most often you'se sent to a Hospital
And three or four work on you,
When yo gets out, and ain't dead
You get some more bills that's due.

Sure is some class to dese occasions
We sure am going fast
But what is now puzzlin me,
Is jes how long 'twill last.
Seems to me like folks would wear out,
So fast dey's rollin along.
I ain't saying it ain't, all right,
Nor I ain't saying it's wrong.

But we seem to be jes flyin
And don't know whar to light.
We don't count de time like we once did,
We're buzzin along day and night.

We don't hab to hab de parades
To get us out to de show—
For sakes alive, folks are showing off,
On de streets where eber you go.
Can't say dese hyar moving pictures
Are jes as good as speakin parts—
I kinder like to hear de actors
In pourin out de heart.
But den you take notice
And use your imagination
Kinder draw on yoself
And start de conflagration.

De music is diffrent,
Dey hab now on de stage
Its what dey call de jazz
Sorter fits in with de age.
Well, can't say I call it singin
And somehow, I don't get de words
But dey climb way up de scale
Sounds like whistle of birds.
Somehow or other the time
Ain't coupled with regular beat
But seems sorter gingled and gangled
With shimmying of body and feet.

Yes de kids are in de harness
Dey goes to school half dere lives.
Now dey done hab de night classes
Whar men can go wid dere wives.
Larning'—well I guess you can call it,
For de school buildin' in dis town
Can't be beat for settin and looks
Don't care whether you go up or down.

Sure hab all de latest didos
Turn out a bunch twice a year
You jes ought to go to de stadium
And hear those huskies cheer.

Yes, our young sports know dere onions
Trippin along mighty fast I'll say.
And you'se got to keep up with de gang
Or you'd soon be classed as a jay.
Good spenders, well I guess, yes.
Pretty free as long as it'll last.
Every one lives out today
Ain't thinkin of future or past.
Ours is a day of advancement
In dress, style and habits yo know.
Takin' advantage of all de latest
Keepin in line as you go.

Ain't we flyin like big birds,
And wingin thru de air,
Don't we sail down in de water
Whether the weather's stormy or fair.
Don't we race across de country
In autos and on Mogul trains.
Don't we hook up de radio
And hear dem concert strains.
Why shouldn't we be proud and prancin'
And struttin like a popin jay,
We're livin in de twentieth century
A new age, de old gone to decay.

Regulated

Yo sho am regulated
In dese hyar focement days,
Folks sure am gwine crazy
For de sheepskin look it says,
You done ain't got no business
Of thinkin' of yo're own,
But youse moving wid de bunch
And a reapin what is sown.

Deys organized clubs and societies
Dat tends to all dat you do,
And de laws on ebry corner
Keepin its eye on you.
Dere ain't no such thing as freedom,
Dat you read of in de book,
Does things done been takin
Tooken—taken—took.

Dere ain't no more privacy
Even in talking wid de wife,
De radios done caught dat up
Yo sure can bet your life.
We're kinder like de coyote
Slinken round most de day
Sorter watchin' de oder fellows
Listenin' to what deys gwine to say.

You're done listed for de forcement
And belongs to de viglance club,
You ain't carin whose toes youse on
Nor whose bizness dat you rub.
Yo'se gwine to make thing purfect,
Wid de sign, de word and nod.
Yo ain't payin much attenshun
To de laws done made by Gawd.

Yo ain't low'd to go fishin
Eben in the ocean's briny deep
Onless you hab a permit card
So's de law can take a peep,
And if rabbits do eat up de taters
You'se no bizness wid a gun,
Cause deys all protected nowadays
Yo jest must let 'em run.

Things am run on percentage basis
Like de banker whose money you loan;
De percent jest goes to workin
And works 'till you almost groan.
Yo am figgerated and calcalated
On jest how long you'll live,
Den you'se tackled on all sides
For most of yo arnins to give.

Dey's got all dese things a workin
And headed by folks wid de pull
Yo'se cotched up, takin to meetin
Whar some fellers spreadin de bull.
Deys interested in your welfare
Consarned with your public look,
But arter while you realize
It's most in ye pocketbook.

Yo eats am run on ratin
Measured like de druggist dose—
And de law done say
What you can hab for close.
Ain't no sech thing as licker,
To cheer you when you'se cold
You just cloroform your entrails
Wid de stuff dat now is sold.

You'se got to watch for de prohi
He's always snoopin round,
And he has a sense of smellin
Like de hound dog on de ground.

Got to watch dis hyar fermentin
Ob de fruit juice from de vine,
No! you can't habe in dese days
Licker, beer nor wine.

And de close you be a warin,
Ain't much and mighty thin,
And I hears dat some of de wimmin
Is paintin now de skin.
Dey's bobbed all dere hair off
And dis getting a marshal wave
Keeps us men growin whiskers
Cause ain't no time to shave.

You'se got to move wid de whistle
Keepin eye on de traffic cop:
And jes as you get to goin'
The whistle blows and den you stop.
You'se got to be registered
If you'se want a right to vote
And you can't set in de cote room
If you ain't wearin your coat.

You has to hab a tin plate
Hangin onto yo car,
Makes no difference if runnin
Or jest a standing dar,
You'se can't run only jest so fast,
And you dasn't be too slow—
You don't know whar to stop
And you'se don't know where to go.
Dey's organized and reorganized
And when you'se pay your dues,
And look around for de job,
And find it only a ruse.

De sheets on de beds now
Am fixed by law as to size
And you go to bed wid de curfew
And when it blows again you rise.

De girls dat hands you yore coffee
Is dressed in uniform
And all de dishes and mouf cloths
Is marked in some manner or form.

You can't hug and kiss yo wife.
In de park underneath de trees.
While listenin to de pretty birds
And smellin de balmy breeze.
Ain't no time for nuthin now
But observin of de law.
And folks go to meetin
To jaw, and jaw and jaw.

Yo can't lick yore kids no more.
Makes no difference what dey say.
Or de'll report you to de teacher
And him to the P. T. A.
You'se told what you got to do—
In dis system of education.
You'se just hangin on, nothing to say.
In a state of flabergation.

Yes, you'se registered at de bornin
You'se registered when you die
You se regulated when you speaks the truth
And prosecuted when you lie.
You'se don't own much of dis hyar life.
You ain't takin nothing away—
You're just moving wid de law.
Regulated. I'LL SAY!

You'se Ain't What You Is

You'se ain't what you is—
No time no place in de road
You'se jest hop and skip around
Like you was a bull frog toad.
All swelled up with importance
Pattin yoself on de back
Like you was de fastest runner
And de fo'most on de track.

You'se riding in de big cyar,
Handin out de smart and sass.
But you knows and I knows
You'se still owin for de gas.
Trufe is you'se don't own no auto
De man jest lettin you ride,
And while youse paying de libery bill
You'se lettin de oder bills slide.

You'se struttin along de sidewalk
Wid papers in yo hand
Yo head pushed up in yo hat,
'Til it almost bust de band.
You'se jinglin a few coins
Makin de noise like money sound
But if you'd go and pay yo bills
Yo wouldn't start going round.

You'se ain't what you is
In dis hyar decivin day.
You'se hooked up wid de debil
And he done always let you pay.
You'se may be foolin some folks
Wid your hifalutin air,
But he's got your name and number
Written on de book for fair.

You'se what dey call de camaflog
Making appear tis when 'tain't,
You'se painted full of stripes and spots,
And when dey think you is—you ain't.
You make believe you'se generous.
Wid a givin of advice and things
But you ain't passin out any coin
If you do, it's tied up wid a string.

You'se painted and powdered yo face
Like clowns in de show.
And pluckin out de eye brows
Of de hair, what ought to grow.
You'se foolin us wid yoself now,
And as for de natural form
You'se ain't whats you is
Dat's sartin, sure as you're born.

Yo is wearin de big hair coat,
Affectin like 'twas de hide of seal
But when yo is inspected
Sure am nothin but a rabbit feel.
You'se all dolled up wid fixins
Jest like you was some class
But de chain what's hanging on you
Is sure jest made of brass.

De close you hab on is trusted
So what's de use to holler,
Done got 'em on installment
By de payment of a dollar.
Yes, you'se got a house full of furniture,
You'se taken from de store,
But how many folks do you suppose
Done used all dat befo.

You'se doin lots of loud talkin
Jes like you know'd what is,
But who do you think you're kiddin
Folks know you ain't what you is.

You gets into office by lyin
In saying whats youse gwine to do.
Den after you is seated
De real things come out of you.

Yo do a lot of agonizin
Dat you'se neber gwine to sell.
Den after youse elected
Yore friends can go to ——
You think yo is a statesman
And don't bear no marks or taint
But its yoself yore pattin
We knows you is what you ain't.

De books you make a show of
De leaves stick wid printers ink.
Yo don't know whats on de pages
Yo don't hab sense to think
Eben if you does got a head
For use in solvicatin.
Ain't no decent service to us—
You'se always mendicatin.

Yo pertends you'se a big factor.
And wid big guns has de pull
When facts are, you'se small pertaters
Handing out nuthin but de bull.
You'se got even yoself to believin
Dat folks can't do without you
But laws a massy brudder
We knows a thing or two.

Yo ain't foolin us wid yore mask
De folks whats payin de expenses
Dey'll jest let you run along
Den bring you back to senses.
Jes lay you over a barrel
Give you a kick and poke.
And if you'll jest listen
You'll find yo is a joke.

Don't 'magin cause yo act pious-like
Dat we don't know you sin—
Don't think cause you shout amen
You'se done got a ticket in,
De Lord's done rased your name
From off de book of de saved—
And yo is slidin down de oder road
Jest same as if it was paved.

Sort of a curious situation,
Paintin out de rotten grain
Dat you find in de ole boards,
And folks have in dere veins,
All patched and gummed up,
'Til you has begun to feel
That livin ain't nothing but a fraud,
And dere ain't no such thing as real.

De ideals we hab are mockery,
De gold am turning brass,
De trufs is long since forgotten
And de jewels are nothing but glass.
We've become so used to deceivin,
And tellin of de parlor lies,
We would know de honest purpose
Dat done flew up in de skies.

We're headin for sartin finish
A makin lots of noise as we go.
And de pace we hab been settin
Is anything but slow.
We're gwine to land some whar
That with fixed surety,
And when we done land there,
'Twill be our destiny.

But dere's one thing sure in de accountin
Ob de deeds done on dis earth,
Which de books says is recorded
From de very day of your birth.
You'd better not give dose false signs
And say you ain't when you is,
Jes take a hunch from me brudder—
And be is, jest what you is.

Speed

Do you ever stop and figure
On how fast you've set the rate,
And what's going to be the ending
Of this terrific gait?
That you'll get there is admitted
Somewhat the worse for the wear
You are following a pace now
As much as the traffic will bear.

Speed is now a mania
In every thought and deed
You scarcely start to growing
Before you ripen into seed.
You come into the world in a hurry
You are hurried as you go—
Then hurriedly put away
With others in a row.

Everything is measured now,
Finished in record time,
Your food is predigested
Just swallowed with the slime.
Clothes, what there is of them,
Slip on in rapid haste.
Not much attention paid to form,
And a great deal less to taste.

You sound a horn in front of the door,
Don't stop to inquire within
The motor keeps running ready to go,
As soon as the passenger is in.
Pushing the button—off with a dash
Passing everything on the way—
Unmindful of danger or accident
No thought of what might be to pay.

Time for everything? Yes, 'tis true,
But the period allotted to serve
Is being shortened notches each day,
And is now regulated by the nerve,
Distance is being rapidly effaced,
With motors of the air.
It's almost come to a point
Of when you start—you're there.

The candle is burning at both ends.
Yes, twice the light I know.
But you're not getting happiness
In this rapid pace you go.
Keeps you busy trimming the wicks,
Or repairing a worn out part;
There's no steadiness to human poise
It flashes thru the air like a dart.

Education is fashioned on kindred lines
It is doled out in bunches to the mass
Individualism is not reckoned
Standing, measured by the class.
A percentage of failures is figured
In accordance with the plan.
The idea is to turn them out
As many as time will span.

Evenings at home by the old fireside
Not programmed now anymore,
You are scarcely in the house
When you again go out the door.
Can't take time to read a book
Just go and go and go;
And if the auto is on the bum
Then you'll land in a picture show.

Holidays are rushed into
Every hour filled to the brim—
With goings on and going to
Whether lights are bright or dim.

You try to get as much gaiety in
As the day will provide
Then grumble for the lack of more
Where time goes out with the tide.

You get into church to hear the word—
Even that is scheduled now.
Just so much time for the sermon
And much shorter space for the vow.
No part of the service for meditation,
Nor telling it out, how you feel
There isn't any time for shouting,
And you're out of place when you kneel.

If perchance you should get religion
After listening to sermon preached—
You leave your name and address,
In course of time you may be reached.
Of course if you want to be baptized
Possibly time will be found for that—
Chances are, it will be with one hand
While the other is holding his hat.

You gulp your food while seated on stools,
And grab a paper to read the news,
You're always moving, sizzling hot,
The whole system, just pots of stews.
You've screwed down the safety valve—
Taken up slack to the last thread,
You've added all the weight it will carry,
The balance long since in the red.

Everything is started by a button—
Either at hand or miles away;
Your bed spreads down at night
And folds up again in the day.
You push when you start to work
You press while engaged at your task
You have buttons all over the desk
Don't have to take time to ask.

You flit thru the air with lightning speed,
You dive in ocean's deep
You spend your money with unthinking haste
You don't stop to look or peep.
You're rushed thru the period given to you
Most of the time in a haze—
Finally you go out with a puff,
And generally consumed in the blaze.

Tin Cans and Paper Bags

Folks sure do live curious like
In these cafeteria days
And I often stop and ponder
Just how things do lay.
We sure know we have to eat,
That's certain, whether sitting
Or standing on our feet.

But things seem all upset
With nothing on hand to prepare
You grab a tin can at the store
And a little here and there,
Then rush into a bungalow
Turn on a jet of gas,
Maybe fry an egg, or piece of meat,
Mingled with a little sass.

Folks wander around with a paper bag,
Spending a nickel or dime,
Just a tater or two, and bottle of milk.
Claiming they're saving time.
Then sit down to a hole in the wall,
Called the breakfast nook,
With tin cans and paper bags all spread out
Saying a meal is being partook.

Don't have cellars to houses now,
Where provisions are stored away
Don't have jells and jams in jars,
To eat on the rainy day.
They have features called coolers
That hold enough for two—
Then when company comes
You're always in a stew.

You rush down to a market
Pick up an assortment of stuff
Then step around to the butcher's
For a piece of meat, not tough
You borrow your neighbor's kettle
And start to prepare your eats
All the time wondering
If you will have enough of seats.

If your friends miss their last car,
And have to remain all night,
Then you are up against a real thing
And have a problem right.
There are not covers to go around,
And you can't borrow anymore,
You have only just one bed
And mighty small place on the floor.

It's surprising how we take care of them
With tin cans and paper bags,
But we do with apparent ease,
And it's only the purse that drags.
We place ourselves in rows on the shelf
When the day's task is done,
Crawl into holes, like birds on a roost,
At the setting of the sun.

We don't take up much real space
In this busy world of ours
And the thing that concerns us most
Is the passing of the hours.
Our purchases are made
On installment plans
Houses, auto, clothes
Paper bags and tin cans.

We get slips on everything
Hanging them on a hook;
And at the end of every month
We are busy checking a book.
The corner store is our salvation
In these days of bitter strife
And we depend greatly upon it
During tin can and paper bag life.

The Flapper

Yes, just a guess.
A form! Can't say,
Dressed—sorter.
Moving—night and day.
Face a mask—why ask?
Painted? Look and see.
Grace—a bend her own.
Constant loquacity.

Eyebrows marked—dark.
Cheeks—tinted to glow
Lips rouged—glaring red
A real cupid bow.
Garments? Well—three
Don't try to name them
Avoiding obesity.
Might be wrong—you see.

Stockins rolled—bold
Or else so awful thin.
Color—pastel tints
The color of the skin.
Vanity—a valise.
Containing lip stick—powder puff
Possibly handkerchief,
And file for nails when rough.

Coming—always
Here—present now.
Saying—nothing
Starting—a row
Going—rapidly
Gait—rather dapper
Of consequences—
No! Just a flapper.

Tight Places

Say fellows! Have you ever
Been caught in a pinch?
And didn't know what to do
And trusted your luck
To the throw of the dice,
And the spots turned one and two.
Playing your last copper
Seeing it fade from your view
Now honest fellows, you've done it,
Then what did you do?

Have you ever been called on the carpet
For failure—or something you'd done—
And pointedly asked the question
Knowing that you were the one.
What answer did you give to the query?
Did you own up and say it was you,
Now fellows, you've been there,
Then what did you do?

Did you ever steal the jam
From off the pantry shelf
Slip out behind the barn
And eat it all yourself;
Then, when mother called
You for a spankin'
With face and hands all gue—
Didn't you holler and deny it,
And say it wasn't you?

Did you ever play hookey
On a schoolday afternoon
And go down to the swimmin hole
In the early days in June.

What did you say when Dad
With a hickory in his hand
Took you out to the shed
And your backside was tanned.
I fixed it up—didn't you?

Did you ever swipe a melon
From out your neighbor's patch
And crawl thru the barb wire
Leaving part of your clothes from the scratch.
When as you sat down to eat
Your neighbor was present too.
Then what did you say for yourself.
And fellows, what did you do?

Did you ever take your girl
To a restaurant for a meal—
And after the check was handed you
And you began to feel—
And found you had no money
Not even a pocket book.
And you could see that the manager
Was giving you a stoney look.
What did you do?

Were you ever at a dance
Whirling in the mazy whirl
And felt you'd made a great hit
With your partner and best girl.
When in the midst of the gliding
While you were in the trance
Some part of your garment gave way
And you felt you were losing your pants.
Gosh, fellows what would you do?

Were you ever on a joy ride
And making the welkins ring
Filled to the brim with laughter
And cares to the wind you fling—

While listening to purr of motor
And the gaieties of the lass,
The car slowed down and stopped
And you found you were out of gas—
What did you do?

Did you ever sign up for a fellow
One in whom you confided and trusted
And the freak of fates were heartless
And you found that he was busted
And you were called upon to make good
With the savings of your life—
To turn over every dollar you had
Robbing yourself and wife—
What did you do?

We will meet many tight places
In pushing toward the door—
The rarest gems must be polished
Wings trimmed 'ere you soar.
But if you're seized in the vise
And squeezed 'til you wince in pain,
Keep a stiff upper lip fellows
And start out again,
I do, don't you?

Clothes

The first thought we had of self
Was clothes for body, not food for shelf,
Our ancestors ran among bushes and trees,
And finally determined upon fig leaves.
There's been many changes since days of old
Our bodies are covered, but actions bold,
It wasn't then, matching of nature's green
Garments were for warmth, to prevent being seen.

Furs protected from cold and bramble to skin
But now, it's questionable, they're so thin.
I don't know who invented style,
Whether the product of a happy mind,
Or burlesque on nature with a smile
But some things were gotten up
That folks put on for clothes—
And just what the real purpose was,
Goodness only knows.

You can measure time, by change of dress,
And recount the seasons too,
And much of the mental worry we have
Is trying to get something new.
We lie awake thinking of plans
To create style in dress or hat,
We alter to suit our physical form
Dots for the lean, stripes for the fat.

It's a jolly good laugh as we recall
The various costumes of long ago,
And you actually wonder
As you look at the style
If you really togged out so.
It would be useless to recall them
Take your old album and see
Then as you rare back and laugh
And see if you don't agree with me.

But it seems to me
That the styles go around
Just like the turning of a wheel
We started wearing nothing,
And it's almost the same now I feel.
From one piece to a dozen,
Our bodies could stand no more
But now it's close to the starting point
And wearing three not over four.

We have invaded the forests
And taken from beasts and birds
Their skins and brilliant plumage,
Slaughtering them without words.
We even have gone to the ocean
And robbed the seal of its coat
Now we're looking up in the air,
To find something that will float.

We have dresses to match our complexion
A change, winter, spring, summer and fall,
Now we have them figured
Like the paper on the wall,
We have dresses for morning,
Afternoon, evening and night,
For working, walking and driving,
And something when you're out of sight.

Colors, there are as many
As flowers in the field
And textures without number
From countless looms that yield.
We seek all manner of conquests
Our fair ladies to adorn
This has always been true
Since the human race was born.

Raising The Family

It sure is a perplexing question
In these unsettled days—
To intelligently raise your family
And secure an investment that pays.
You start out with the promise
Of winning the highest goal,
But before the task is half finished
You have a soreness in the soul.

There are so many ideas
That pull you off the road,
And a thousand little burdens
That add weight unto the load—
The effort is most disheartening
As you falteringly climb the grade
And there is no time to stop—
Nor rest peacefully in the shade.

You find yourself in the morning
All tuned to make the run—
But you finish the day very laggingly
At the setting of the sun.
Your intentions are the best
And made to please them all
But you become flabbergasted,
When the wind blows up a squall.

It reminds me of a hen and ducklings
With the clucks and little quacks
Just when you have a tightened line
Something slips then it slacks.
You're doing mighty well
Scratching for bugs and things
Then the quackers get into the lake—
And the trouble then begins.

There is much commotion
And flapping of the wings,
Running up and down the bank
While the little quackers sing.
Paddling with their little feet
In groups all by themselves
While the hen and rooster
Are left back on the shelves.

There's many a conflict
And interference with your thought—
Just when you think you're sailing
Bam! Then it comes to naught.
You draw in the canvas
Then try to change the course
But you're floating very scary
Because you know not of the source.

It's like attending to a garden
Raising the flowers fair—
Try as hard as you will
Weeds spring up here and there
You bind the vines to keep them right
But so often the cords break
Leaving you in a plight.

There's so many folks grabbing
And plucking at the blossoms you grow,
That it is very disconcerting
To face the wind as it blows.
It's not because you're unwilling
To drive to a certain place,
It's more the way you are going,
And the setting of the pace.

You have everything for entertaining,
And to hold the young folks in,
You lie awake at night
Planning to get more tin,

You turn over the big car
To the joy ride of the young,
But you're not in harmony
With the song that now is sung.

You're trying hard to keep up
Running 'til your mouth is dry.
But you're always far behind
No difference how hard you try.
They're geared up past sixty
Both the lad and the lass
You're just holding the purse
And paying for oil and gas.

Each member has a door key
And knows where the buttons are,
You check them all in at night
When you hear them in the car.
It's an event in the household
When you all sit down to a meal
And as for the evening game
If you get one, it's a steal.

We don't go to meeting together
Old folks are just in the way
The young ones are in the saddle
Jollificating and gay.
Once in a while on Christmas
The family all seat at the spread
But afterwards, there's a scatterment
And you next check up in bed.

This may be called up-to-date,
In the raising of the child,
And the old time fashion
May be too slow and mild.
But somehow or other
The sunshine's brightest ray
Came out of the old family custom
When done in the old fashioned way.

Grow the flowers most beautiful
Spread the perfume far and near.
But keep a little of the fragrance
For the old folks who are here.
Just remember that they are longing
To enjoy the fruit of the vine
And their arms love to feel
Their young, whose hearts entwine.

The Mother loves to feel her child
Is close, and of her a part—
A father has some other thoughts
Than merely holding the chart.
Give them a little bouquet
As onward through life you go
Chances are they're vitally interested
Even though a little slow.

Might not step out so lively
But the heart responds with joy,
And with feelings of reality
Not mixed with dross or alloy.
The sweets of life are chosen
For both the young and the old,
Don't shut the door of pleasure
And leave Mother and Father cold.

Bitter Dregs

'Tis hard to smile
While a cancer gnaws the heart—
'Tis heavy the load
When deceit forms the major part.
The cup is bitter
When filled with falsities of men,
We cannot swallow
Our throats choke up then.

Many's the heart ache
The mind in bitterness grows.
The eyes glitter
With venom to strike at foes.
Evil thoughts flit
Calling for vengeance to satisfy
And injustice done
Retaliation is the heart's outcry.

Our throbbing heads
Pound as if to intensify.
The acrid taste
Reality to more clarify.
Ideals shatter
We regard all with distrust
Confidence shaken—
Nothing left of the metal but rust.
The draught gags,
Yes, 'tis nauseating to taste and smell,
'Twill scarcely go down
And hangs on like a knell.
The eyeballs burn,
The lids like sheets of flame,
Blot out the sight
But opening finds the same.

The pain is sure
Tearing vitals with treacherous fangs.
Heart beats flutter,
Jumping at every clang;
The brain wearies
And body with soreness falls
Screams of agony
Then stillness, like death enthralls.

Oh bitter cup!
We would that it would pass.
Spare us the dregs
Not singly but to all the mass.
Take away the poison
That brings but grief and tears,
Purify our souls
Removing the doubt and fears.

It will not pass,
The dregs must be drunk to the last
A pathway is open
Where bitterness fades with the past.
Have faith in Him
Who gave us His beloved son
Courage heart
His will, not thine be done.

I will quaff the potion
Uttering to Him a prayer—
I will forgive
Confident of reward "over there"
Let Him sit in judgment
On our deeds, as He scans.
I will ask Mercy
For me, the publican.

Don Volcassio

Volcassio ventured one day
Out into the open
To earn his pay.
Head high in air,
To catch a scent—
Of wicked juices
On which trail he is bent.

His nostrils extended
To get the full breeze—
Keenly alert
No time to sneeze.
Like stag at eve
When whiff of the mash—
He jumped into lizzie
And is off with a dash.

Sancho Bakero
Following closely behind
Bringing bottles and jugs
To get samples of kinds;
While in his heart,
Is laughing with glee,
At a chance of a drink
Of wine which to him is free.

Don approaches his game
With wary stride
Having left old wheezing lizzy
Sputtering on the outside.
With smash at the door
He rushes in
Overturning the tables
Scaring women and children.

"Where's the mash,
And wine that's fermented?"
With loud demand
And looks like demented.
"No gotta da wine,
No hava da time,
Maka da fruit juice
From offa de vine."

"Ah ha!" Don cried,
And rushed to the rear.
"What Ho, Bakero,
Why aren't you near.
Bolt the door!
Let the portcullis fall,
Get a truck,
We'll take them all."

With bung buster and mallet
He wields heavy blow.
And staves give way
While the juices do flow.
Bakero with his jug
Gets it filled to the brim
And starts out the door
With zeal and vim.

The task is completed,
Calmness restored,
And uttering a sigh
Don unbuckles his sword.
Then commands his culprits
In the name of the law
To appear and confess
And come up to "taw."

Cranking Lizzie again,
He ambles back.
Ever alert in quest
New fields to attack
Bakero staggering
From effects of the scent
"My Lord Don—
Shure is half pershent."

To My Dad

My little hand clasped in his
I toddled by his side,
When little feet would halt and stop.
His shoulders bore me for a ride.
When fear would my heart take hold
And I hesitated on the rainy day
His words of courage pierced the gloom
And his stalwart form blazed the way.

How I leaned on him
As I struggled to earn my own,
How oft the lifting up
When fallen, from seeds I had sown.
How bright his eye
When hearing of his child's success—
How quick with relief
With soothing words to caress.

The rebuke was lovingly given,
A chastisement to him brought most pain
And his great heart throbbed with grief
Offering his blood for the stain.
Weathering many a storm for love of his own.
His beard with icicles held fast,
The snowy locks covered manly brow
'Twas so to the last.

I recall those days
Now that I am similarly placed
And the thoughts he gave
Principles that will not erase.
I love to think back
Midst all the pleasures had
And remember with honor
HE WAS MY DAD.

Little Deeds of Kindness

Give a flower,
Perhaps the fragrant odor
From the cup that nature grows
Might assuage a saddened heart
Stemming the grief as it flows.

Say a kind word,
You little know how far 'twill reach
Changing a life for better
Might blot out an evil design
And break bonds that hold like a fetter.

Sooth the brow,
'Twill make the pain less,
To the sufferer as he lies.
Just a small token from you
And will bring gratitude to his eyes.

Keep smiling,
In hopes that it may spread
Dispelling days that are dark and drear
Let joy and happiness
Be your part of life to cheer.

Doping The Mind

It's thrills we want today,
Experience counts for naught
Nor care we, who is to pay.
Life's too short, to make it droll,
Must be full of elixir
Not taken from the scroll,
Must come from a contact
With persons of kindred mind—
Who will join in revelry
Leaving all else behind.

Who cares how fast the gait
Or what of yawning abyss.
It matters not, if you get by
And laugh at a narrow miss.
Sure a quivering form is offered
In proof of the rapid pace—
But it matters not to you
As long as you saved your face.

Honor, truth and virtue
All thrown in discard today
It's the knaves, and queen of hearts
Out of the human deck that play.
Violating of laws, an achievement,
With many thrills is fraught.
Attaining its greatest tension
In eluding, and not being caught.

We're doping the mind
Our consciences we have seared,
Our finer sensibilities are numbed
The real self we have smeared.
We will have to pay the price
A cost that bodes us ill.
'Twill be a sacrifice
That we must pay for thrill.

Morini

Banished—why—I know not.
Lest 'twas because I sought my home.
I had committed no wrong,
Merely seeking shelter of my dome.
I must needs now wander
Driven from land of my choice.
My heart sinks low within me
And I have no voice.

Exiled—'twas the stern decree.
My very soul cries out in pain
Sobbing so pitifully.
Anguish and grief take hold
Gnawing my vitals to the core,
Beating upon my heaving breast
Trying to wipe out the sore.

Driven from home
In chains smarting, under lash
Of the law's ruthless hand.
The blows fall and crush my spirit
'Til almost I am unmanned.
Oh! Most just Judge,
I hold my manacled hands to thee
Asking to break the chain
And again set me free.

I've done no wrong,
I cherish not a thought
Of disloyalty toward your land.
I sought the same,
Believing 'twas indeed an Elysian field
I've given my heart, strength, yea, all.
To help more bounteous the yield.

The laws of man,
How selfishly they are wrought
Higher virtues forgotten
And are never sought.
You ask why civilizations rise and decay!
Look back the thousands years
Dig deep into reasons, pray,
Standing out on the pages
Of history you will scan.
'Twill be first, last and always,
"Man's inhumanity to man."

The Stage

The drama of life like unto a play,
We all have our part, and something to say,
Our entrances are heralded with a wail
We launch forth with swelling sail.

The setting we make to fit our own view
But often shifted or changed anew
To make us fit, or in harmony blend
With the great ideal following its trend.

The characters are many, the theme very great,
Portraying a purpose without measure or rate.
A moral priceless—the greatest of goals,
The salavation of man—saving of souls.

The stage is the earth with its fullness in store,
Mountains, valleys, and ocean shores.
Decked out with greenery and flowering shade
With silver streams and lakes that are made.

The lights are a myriad, a glowing sun
Is the spot toward which all run.
While moon and stars their places fill
Jewels in the heavens, when things are still.

A great symphonic orchestra of many strains
Plays its music with notes of disdain
From soft zephyrs through forests sigh,
To roaring gales of storms on high.

Scenes shift from joy, laughter and glee,
To sobs of sorrow to those not free.
Depicting suffering of man as result of sinning
Ever calling him back to a marked beginning.

The comedies acted produce a smile,
Deceits are practiced, entrap and beguile,
Villany roars not to be outdone
Thus all move on toward setting sun.

Our appearance in part, oft not own desire,
Other forms we cherish, and hearts aspire.
Yet each has his sphere to fill and complete
Only receive plaudit when you earnestly compete.

The curtain is up, the play is on,
We all have our cues, a character we don
We enter, we act, we bow and withdraw
Then pass out, into eternity's great maw.

Style

Oh Woman!
How slavish to style thou art,
Each part of thy form
Must needs come under yoke of vanity.
Thou has shorn thy locks,
Taken away the great asset of femininity.
Sacrificed the waves.
O'er which the poets raved,
And penned the heroic ballads.

Thou has draped
Thy body with a flimsy texture
'Til must look twice to see the weave.
Yea thou has mounted thyself
On stilts, until thy gait
Is a toe trot.
Thy skirts are tight
Fashioned close to the human form:
Thy socks are rolled.

Thou painteth and powdereth
Until like a doll thou dost appear
And ever conscious of its needs
Thou hast a mirror nigh
Thou aren't thyself
In public, so bedecked with frills
Doubtful of thine own security,
Thou carryest a vanity.

Gone But Not Forgotten

Rambling through the old chest,
A relic met my gaze.
Picking it up, memories returned
Of many bygone days.
How close it was to me then,
Of my very self partook
My hand so often clasped
The old leather pocketbook.

Its metal clasps were broken,
The leather was worn thru,
But it brought back yesterday
And old tales like unto new.
Carefully opening its recesses
How well I recall the time,
I had digged down deeply
Hunting for a nickel or dime.

It had an odor all its own
Gathered from man and beast,
And though shrunken in size
Provided for many a feast.
Many little papers were enclosed
Bearing marks of fingers and thumb
Representing money paid out,
Often a tidy little sum.

It held many little treasures
Things I wanted to keep,
Put away in its deep recess
Where often I would take a peep.
Stealing away by my lonesome,
I would spread upon the hand
Memories of interesting doings
Like news from foreign land.

It often held a button
Whose brightness appealed,
A scented note from a lady,
Folded tightly and sealed.
A safety pin, picked off the floor,
A part of a broken locket
A bead from my girl's necklace
I wouldn't carry in pocket.

It plays no part today
Is regarded as style too old,
And is supplanted
By the up to date bill fold.
So with keepsakes
I replace you in the nook
Gone, but not forgotten,
My old leather pocketbook.

Priceless Pictures

Mother and Child

She holds to her breast.
In loving clasp, her own.
And feels a life apart,
Yet, to her only is known
The deep of its meaning.
Ever conscious of a tremor
With knowledge does displace
While from her every action
Bespeaks love to its fullest embrace.
A smile unknown, unfathomed,
Ever present as she soothes
The infant in its restlessness.
With a delicate touch she smoothes,
A bit of fragility,
She knows how great a cost
And to her the poignant grief
Will not admit when lost.
Her every song a lullaby,
Every task coupled with thought
Of the morrow's great blessing
For the child, all else for naught.
The mind's eye does not close,
Always alert and on guard
Her whole being is sacrificed
To ward off, and dangers retard.
All is given without stint or spare
Hers the altar and sacrifice too,
While the flames that envelope
Kindle from heart ever anew.
'Tis a picture of priceless value
Artists have sought to portray,
And bring out hidden virtues
With colors, shades and shadows in array.
But the pigment is imperfect
The brush in hand cannot blend

To meet the soul's requirement,
Or the heart in its onward trend.
Always something lacking
Something! Always too mild
However great the effort
To portray "Mother and Child."

Father and Son

Midst the stream of life
As it onward flows
Battling the fierce gales
And changing wind which blows.
A vision is seen,
Hidden almost, the veneer of life,
Obscures from the gaze.
Artists do not paint,
Canvas never portray,
The grain of the board
O'er which covering is set.
How deep the foundation
Upon which we erect.
How strong the character
From whence we project,
What color of paint
Can you use to serve apart
The lines, or deep desires
Lying hidden in a father's heart?
Chords, attuned to nature's own,
There is no chorus to harmonize,
'Tis a solo, by him alone
Oft the notes, sound discordant—
Yet the vibration as it knows
Comes from strings of knowledge,
Of the harvest of seeds that are sown.
There are no cooing words
Somehow the tie that bind
The Father to the Son
Is with them in kind.

Home

Could I with brush
Or words impart, and paint
A picture I have in mind—
And oft see "in my heart,"
Could I sing a song
That would give off
The joyful notes
Which ring in my ears—
And o'er my senses float,
Could I orate, with passion
And stir your very soul,
Could I philosophize
Showing a true goal,
Could I in judgment
If called upon to say
Give off a higher virtue
To mankind to portray,
Could I teach you the truth
Of the depth of the ideal—
Which if you were severed from
You would indeed feel.
Could I carry you
To a field of greater joy
Where things are real,
And free from dross and alloy—
Could I comfort an aching heart
With the touch of love—
Bringing to the very soul
The melodies as sung above,
I would utter one word
'Twould fill life's purpose sent
HOME—HOME—SWEET HOME.
The place to which all are bent.

The Lost Jewel

What

Oh priceless gem!
Above all in lustre glows—
Mounted in setting replete,
Fashioned in wisdom divine
Of Him who knows,
All else fades
Before thy brilliant ray—
The polish of human hand
Adds naught to thy loveliness,
Nor makes more complete the way.
Thou alone doth deck
The crown of eternal fame,
Other sink into oblivion
Blushing at hearing thy name.
A royal gift,
A sacred bestowal to man,
At cost so great
Beyond human mind to scan.
Oh Truth, what a jewel
Thou art, in the treasure chest
Among all virtues,
Thou art the best.

Where

Where have I lost thee,
In what crevice or nook
Hast thou been placed
And forgotten to look,
Where last did I wear thee,
Was I alone or with companions gay,
What path did we tread
Toward the great highway,
Did I offer you to a friend,
Who has forgotten to return—

Has the friend proven false
And for me has no concern?
Oh, Jewel of Truth—
Where have I not sought
Throughout all lands
Thy equal cannot be bought.
But why go so far,
And seek in fields apart
Look thou within thyself
In the recess of thine heart.

How

Was I careless
Unmindful of thy value
Had I grown tired of thee
And replaced thy piercing look
With another, devoid of purity?
Did I grow weary
In meeting the rebuffs of men,
And place aside
Beyond thought and human ken?
Was it lack of courage
That bade me hide in place
Unknown to all even myself,
Has deceit supplanted
And forced you aside,
Is it lack of faith
In mankind that now abides,
Have you been bartered
In the marts for gain?
Truth, Truth, I need you
Must my quest be in vain?

Publicity

We're a vain set of humans,
And long to be praised
Often pulling our bootstraps
In hopes of being raised.
We get on a program
And give without stint
But the greatest satisfaction
Is our name in the print.

The game is ensnaring
And to it we all fall
With our photo in the paper
Ready for any call.
We pull off a societee
Then rush to the press,
An elaborate write up
From names to the dress.

We want to be known
Among all the elite,
And our vanity is tickled
When we hear "Isn't it sweet."
And if you want a squabble
Among the ladies fair,
Just omit the name of someone
From the list of "who was there."

It is a choice pasture
For papers to browse upon
And they name their own price
For the plumage you would don.
The human weakness is known
To the subtle pencil pusher
So he smiles when he notes
The articles of the flusher.

It's a matter of business
And it pays to advertise,
Selling doughnuts or railroads
If you want to get a rise,
Get it before the public:
Pay for a little space,
Then display to attract
That will start you in the race.

If you want to run for office
Get a flattering photograph:
Hunt up a publicity man
He'll know the way of the gaff.
Be sure to spread the dope
Of what you promise to do,
This gets the ballots in the box
And mostly counts for you.

If it's a circus you're working,
You know it takes a spiel—
If you're putting on a lecture
Or turning a movie reel,
Even if you preach a sermon
From the altar in a church,
Your name and subject is posted
Or you're certainly left in a lurch.

Get yourself before the people
In whatever you have to sell.
Goods don't turn over on the shelf
They have no story to tell.
Folks will conclude you're a dead one
Get next and be wise,
Get written up in the paper—
IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.

Josephine

She came to me when but a girl
With ruddy face and waving curls
In tasseled cap and pleated dress
Confiding, trustful, no deeds to profess.
Innocent—yet with innate insight
To determine the wrong from the right.
Full of energy and willing to learn
To measure up, her spirit did yearn.

She mastered the tasks to her assigned
Instilling much of herself in plans designed.
The spirit of sunshine filled the place
Laughter and smiles were upon her face.
She grew and developed with each day
And at her work was joyful and gay.
Earnestness in method, ever alert
Truth and honesty, did ever assert.

With zeal and ambition, she climbed the scale
Overcame difficulties that would assail.
Always dependent, giving full measure
With trait of character, a valuable treasure.
No time for flattery nor idle dreams
A keen comprehension of wicked schemes
A bulwark against dishonesty and deceit
Contempt for the unscrupulous and the cheat.

Her whole soul in whatever undertook
Thorough and painstaking to the very nook.
Demanding full service in return for hers
Refusing the makeshift or that which blurs.
She has met her own, with ideals maintained
And hers the example, are fully sustained.
She gives off a radiance which brightens and cheers
Restoring confidence, and displacing fears.

She weathers a storm, like a warrior bold
Undaunted by gales, whether hot or cold
Her heart is large and with soothing caress
Brings comfort and cheer, relieves sorrows and stress.
Loyal and true, a companion rare,
With virtues a legion, none to compare
No shirking or hiding behind the sex
No shrinking at problems because they vex.

A beautiful thought and care for a mother
Comfort, cheer and advice to brother.
Earnest solicitude for father's health,
To a husband—a chest full of wealth.
To her employer—a valued aid,
To her friends—with counsel has paid.
Respected and honored by all who know
Loved and esteemed wherever she may go.

Girl to womanhood she has grown,
A ripening of harvest—good deeds sown,
Equal to meet greater honors of life
As companion, helpmate and loving wife.
This poem is unfinished, much yet in store,
But I would not turn the page, had I the lore
But the future for you is calm and serene
Holding much joy and comfort—JOSEPHINE.

A Clean Start

'Twas the last day of the year,
And on a Saturday night.
The Children had gone to a play—
My better half was sound asleep,
To myself, I had something to say.

I recalled the deeds of days gone by,
And endeavored to try to measure
What I'd accomplished worth while,
And how great was my treasure.

The neighbors' dog barked in fright.
Resolutions all got off the path,
I turned off the gas, went upstairs,
It was Saturday night—took a bath.

The Eaglet's Flight

The old nest stirred with pruning of wings,
Young eaglets push out taking their flings.
A testing of bone and sinews untried
Confident of strength, faith doth abide.
Pushing out on the edge, peering afar
Every plume in place nothing to mar
The flight, through the brightness of day,
A soaring and circling while on the way.

Near by on a crag the old birds scan,
And watch the flap and length of span.
No need to cry, to sound the alarm
Long flights taken, tell of the harm.
The eye follows in wake of flight
Noting each motion, discerning the right;
Reading to swoop, and bear up a fall
Ever ready to defend the eaglet's call

The eaglets bask in the balmy air
Assuming courage, and wanting to dare
To try out conquests, new fields to try.
Soaring heavenward, ere start for the fly
Midst scenes unknown, and buring gale
Dangers beset, and storms assail;
Tired and hungry, seek to alight
Alone, unsheltered, filled with fright.

The eaglet utters its native screams
Its steady poise falters, then careens,
Falling earthward, broken and torn,
Weary and tired, sad and forlorn.
When through the air, with lightning speed
The old birds flash, knowing the need—
Bear the eaglets back to the nest,
And sit on the edge that the young may rest.

How like our young, in their first foray,
All decked and plumed in bright array.
They sally forth in laughter and joy
Not conscious of dross, nor the alloy.
Confident of strength to meet life's snares
Unmindful of winds that strain and tears.
They hurl themselves into the fiery flame
Believing it only a part of the game.

The sires at home in watchful wait
Know of the dangers and of the rate.
Years of experience in battling the storm.
Fitted, before their young were born.
And while rope is loosened for longer sail
Contesting and battling an unfriendly gale.
Midst all life's conflicts, bitter and bold
The home tie cable is one that will hold.

Bon Voyage to Mary

As you sail over boundless sea,
Heart full of joy and ecstasy,
In joining him in foreign lands
Do not forget the friendly hands
Of those behind in sunkist vale
Who wish you well throughout the sail.

When days become lonely while afar,
And visions arise as if to mar,
Longings come, and fill the breast
For loved ones, and the old home nest
Bear up, even though heart doth yearn
Remember the flames of friendship burn.

We wish you well, our little friend,
Wherever pathway may lead or trend,
We'll oft think of you, in distant clime
Trusting a bright star for you will shine.
Bon Voyage, Mary, God speed you through
Are the thoughts of many, they give to you.

The New Swimming Pool

I've motored to the beach today,
Not particularly to dip in the sea
But rather to watch the bathing revue
And other things I could see.
Not like the pool when I was a boy
A deep hole in the creek—
It was a large cemented tank,
And seats all around for the peek.

There were no bushes to hide behind
While you put on a bathing suit.
It was a ladder you stepped down from
Instead of a clinging root.
There were no slick banks to slide upon
It's a sort of a shoot the shutes.
There's no mud to dig your toes in.
All sorts of things to suit.

We had no audiences to gaze at us,
When cavorting in the swimming hole
But in the new they parade around
Showing off—Bless your soul.
They claim to have on proper dress
Such as is required by law,
But from some I saw I suppose
In that code there was a flaw.

We never pranced in single file
Showing off our shapes and form
When we had had our swimming lark
We put on our clothes, sure as you're born.
But at the pool it's a nature cure
For some sort of ailment claimed
And from the time they remain undressed
You'd think, they were blind and maimed.

We used to wince when burnt with sun
And hunt up goose grease and creams,
But now they lie in the sand for hours
Inviting the blisters it seems.
They have lots of sport in the new swimming pool,
And it's clean and free from dirt,
But I'll never forget the old swimming hole
With the knot I chewed in my shirt.

We did not rinse off with a shower
Unless 'twas a shower of mud
And if a fellow used a towel
The gang called him a dud.
The big toe was a steering gear
And dug holes in the bank
Once in awhile the hole would break
Then bubbles came, when you sank.

There's a mystery about the old swimming hole
You don't find now with the new
'Twas a sign we boys used to have—
"Going swimming" right two fingers the cue.
We didn't motor to the old hole
But trudged along a dusty road
Generally barefooted, in shirt sleeves
And not carrying any extra load.

We learned to swim in all the ways
And could dive like the furry seal,
We gathered our coats of tan each time
Extra heavy, sometimes, they'd feel.
I wouldn't take away the new swimming pool
Nor lessen its actual joys—
But I look back in memory bright
Of old swimming hole, when we were boys.

Little and Big

It's the little things of life
When you gather in a bunch,
That mount up in the store house
And create a worthwhile punch.
Not necessary to hunt in foreign lands
To find a holy grail—
It lies before you day by day
And daily you do fail.

The little pin lay on the floor
I paused and placed it in my coat,
It wasn't long, a storm arose
I fastened a scarf around my throat.
A button fell, 'twas only brass
In my pathway as if by chance,
But I knew I had a similar kind
That was holding up my pants.

A clean piece of paper blew toward me,
I stooped and placed it carefully away,
And used the same for memorandum
Of things that folks would say.
I noticed a half used pencil
Someone had thoughtlessly thrown,
I remembered I had been hunting
To find one of my own.

Just a piece of string I rolled it up—
Placed in the inside pocket.
It came in handy one day,
Tied up a broken locket.
A length of wire I hung on a nail,
I had used some many a time
It helped out when a pinch arose
And saved a nickel or dime.

When a nut is loose, take the wrench
And spare a few moments to tighten;
You little know, if allowed to go
What accident may scare or frighten.
Pick up the tack lying in the road,
Yours might be the tire to go down,
And it might happen a long ways out
Or several miles from town.

If a rent occurs, get needle and thread
And take the stitch in time,
Remember how the old adage goes,
That "taken in time saves nine."
Hold on to the pennies, they soon will stack
High up to cause you to holler
It only takes one hundred of them
And you have a silver dollar.

Large oaks from little acorns grow.
A ladder is but a bunch of rungs
It takes many notes to comprise the piece
Before the beautiful song is sung.
That tallest building was from little sales
As a monument to what can be done.
And if you were faithful in little things
Greater will be given, was said by One.

A pebble changes the course of many streams,
The cap fires the heavy projective,
A broken strand cause cables to give
And loose an important objective.
A little word when properly given
May change the whole course of life,
It can all be traced to little things
That bring on chaos and strife.

So take care of the little things
The rest will follow in kind
By so doing you'll be ahead
And not be dragging behind.
'Tis the most perfect system
That was ever conceived by man,
And is old as the hills
Since even the world first began.

Dementia Radiox (Jazz)

The dominant query in mind today is
"Why" or "what is the matter?"
There is no concentration of thought
The brain is all ready to scatter.
Folks are asking each other the same,
It's themed in magazines, paper and books
It's in the very atmosphere you breathe.
You can see by people's very looks
There's a tension, in nerves all keyed up,
A restless flashing of the eye,
The whole body moves in jerky waves
And you aren't quiet when you lie.

Let's reason together on the cause
If you can be still and listen,
Just let your mind have a normal trend
And your mental eyes to glisten.
There are sound waves everywhere
Flashing throughout the air,
And the concentration by the radio
Has caused an intensive glare.
The waves have been directed to man
Harnessed up to play on his nerve.
Every possible feature that science commands
Is brought on for him to serve.

The mind is doped with this stimulant
It takes more to create the thrill,
There is seeking after a stronger dose
To appease the human will.
The air is filled with a static sound,
And heard, puts nerves in the razz
Whatever is audible for the greater part
Is a conglomeration called Jazz.
Every broadcasting station is hurling out
The jazzy jazz from a jazz band,
Going on day and night
Throughout the breadth of the land.

The mind is crazed, its nerves are wild
It can find no means of rest.
A sound wave plunges through the range
Why shouldn't it pierce the skull's crest?
Science has made wonder strides
And brought energy under control.
But don't you think in the use of the power
We have almost bartered our soul.
Seeking new fields to delight our mind
Sensations are sought to appease
And the thousand darts of Radio Jazz
Have utterly destroyed calm and ease.

Analyze this thought with same ken
You use in other themes.
Measure its force in kindred lines
You'll find that it's not idle dreams.
The human brain is being bombarded
By a ceaseless onslaught of darts
And the unfortunate thing to realize
That each enters a vital part.
It's worse than a storm or hurtful gale,
It's a blast from a withering flame
Pouring a constant blaze on the mind
Do you wonder why things grow tame?

Why do spheres turn from the rays
And nature itself demand rest
Know you not the Omnipotent One
Divined a plan that was best.
When hunger is appeased a signal is given,
And thirst by the quaff is allayed,
Every force and power is measured in kind,
At a certain point is stayed.
The human body with all its parts,
Has an end to its limitations.
And when beyond its holding point,
Creates a human excitation.

The brain must needs have its quiet
And likewise the human nerve
If you'd measure up to standard scale,
In accomplishing what you would serve.
Nature itself provides a shield
From scab, to bark on the tree,
Even the blood coagulates
That it may not run too free.
Countless ways are provided for you
In matter of self-protection
And every ill is forewarned in you,
In nature's plan of detection.

But you've called in to play an element,
That has for its goal and gain,
Intoxicating pleasure and excitement
Not counting how great the pain.
Millions of darts are thrusting
Themselves into your inmost heart,
The pressure is almost constant,
There is no cessation in part.
A scab cannot form to check
Something is flowing away
You ask what is the matter—
Dementia Radiox, I'd say.

The Passing Show

The passing show is a show
Of autos, deeds and flesh.
It matters not of the age,
Old and gray, or young and fresh
The hectic rush to feel the throb.
We dope our spirits to the fill
And rush along at such a rate
Always seeking to get the thrill.

We honk as we pass, they honk passing us,
Highways ablaze with light and sound.
A sputtering hiss-whistling whiz,
While the air of burnt gas does abound.
There are old, and new, in colors gay,
Some open, some closed, some others—well
They once were classed as autos,
But now you can never tell.

There's a constant noise of auto roar,
A shrieking and honking of horns.
Screaming of brakes, and other sounds
Like the devil was coming with horns.
The motor age geared up fast
Getting all the machine will stand—
A flash—sometimes a crash—
The gate opens in other lands.

We dare to achieve, to achieve we dare—
And juggle with the fate of death.
We acclaim as hero the successful one,
But for failure, we lose little breath.
We hunt the earth for difficult feats,
Even trodding on the ocean's floor.
We cast longing looks at stars above,
And wish for wings that would soar.

Deeds of evil and good, race side by side,
Each vie with the other to pass
From monuments erected to homeless ones—
To the brutal murder of a lass.
The mind and brain hunt new fields
To attain the heroic we strive
We flaunt at code, or rules of law
To gain the elixir of our lives.

The press heralds the sensational
Claiming to be printing the news
But extras are run, columns are filled
With muck, mire, filth and spues,
Flashed into type, wheels turn with speed
Vieing to pass in the scoops.
The newsboy's cry, the headline glare,
People rush to buy and are dupes.

The face is lifted to hide the age,
Eyebrows plucked for reasons unknown,
Cosmetics used of varied lines,
Trying to hide deeds that are sown.
Artists now paint bugs on the flesh,
From shin to middle of back,
Every scheme is devised to make a show
Modesty long since placed on the rack.

No longer do the bald sit in front
Just as much can be seen from the rear,
Not altogether those on the stage,
But those sitting next, I hear.
Parades are formed on the beach to show,
The costumes, as worn in the bath
Now they have so diminished in size
The laws declare as to what is the path.

The passing show, a show in passing.
We all are occupying front seats,
And applaud and laugh with joy
When something new is the treat.
The parade keeps step to the jazz
We move and step with the notes,
Often we join in the passing crowd
Riding in a decorated float.

Stop, Look, Listen!

Stop! Pause in your reckless pace,
You're wearing out the human race,
In your quest for pleasure's thrill
Higher ideal of life you will kill.
Something else besides hoarding of gold
Greater riches than jewels, you are told
The sun does not shine every day
An accounting must be made, then you pay.

A storm is approaching, note the signs,
Virtues are discarded for other lines.
The clouds are sulphuric in their glare
Withering blasts are felt, here and there,
A full measure of sin we have embraced,
Bulwarks are rapidly being effaced,
Living today, no thought of the morrow,
But it's coming, coming, then sorrow.

Hear the cry of unsatisfied taste,
The tread of feet in frantic haste.
Note the applause in juggle with fate,
The scream of dismay if you are late.
The sacrifice made to worship of Baal
Everything now offered for sale.
The tonic, elixir that makes eyes glisten
But hold whither? Stop, Look, Listen.

Flat Tires and Blow Outs

Human derelicts brought in for repair,
Some need patching to hide the wear,
Others are leaking in more vital parts
But all rattling like broken carts.
They are charted, placed in a stall
Awaiting his turn to respond to the call.
Then as the defect is brought to the fore
You generally find, there are many more.

You analyze the cause for this and that
But there's a certain cause for running flat.
You've not steered right in the channel of life
Picked up a tack or blade of a knife,
But it's punctured the tube and let out the air,
And your gait is slowed down then and there.
You're full of excuses making a spiel
But you're driving and hold the wheel.

You sputter and spit for taking the path
And when she goes slow, you're in a wrath
But if you aren't checked in the unlawful gait.
You might get a blowout—then you'll wait.
Of course some try to run on the rim,
When the sun is down and lights are dim,
But you can't get far on such a wheel
Other knocks would come along the keel.

Some rattle badly when brought in
And the noise not always, rattle of tin,
But you hear the jar of axle broke
Feed line broken, don't respond to the choke.
Some are dented and bruised, a slight mishap,
Others minus a top or a tattered flap.
Those are not bad, and easy to rate,
And the judge always chances a short probate.

It's when the machinery itself is on the bum
And the repairs are listed in a goodly sum
You're put away for careful repair,
To see if worth while, when and where.
Oft times it costs an amount that is great
Often takes long, no setting of date.
The mechanic is dubious, hesitates to try,
But the law commands to hearken to your cry.

Sometime humans are totally wrecked
Nothing to save, no line to be checked
They are cast in junk off the highway—
The cost is a loss, as humanity pays,
We refer to the same in advice to others
In our efforts to lift up fallen brothers,
It's part of the cost to the human race,
Greater the price as faster the pace.

Some Women's Rights

Eve insisted on having her way,
Ate all the apple but the core,
And would have eaten that, unless
She knew that Adam would be sore.
Asserting her right, held center of stage
Made the principal address of the day,
And ever since, on most all events
Has had the greatest amount to say.

Now Sampson fell to Delilah's charms
Lost not only speech but locks,
Probably first time of bobbing hair,
And she didn't wear any socks.
Salome's dance of seven veils
Caused another to lose his head
How many have lost theirs since
Had better be left unsaid.

Helen ran off with another's man
And started a lark of her own,
Ending in war and loss of the crown
With nothing left but a gown.
Diana was goddess of the chase
Took first prize in the race,
Since then I'll leave it to you
If she did not set a pace.

Cleopatra had Mark in bad
And took the suicide route
Joan donned male attire
Heading French legion to scout.
Barbara was in front in '76
Helping spike the enemy's gun
And man has been a mark since then
Pretty much on the go and run.

Carrie Nation shot up many a bar,
And used for weapon an axe
And women still know how—
History tells us these are facts
So in all matters of importance
Woman is still to the front to say:
Whether it is right or proper
And what the price is to pay.

Man is not forced in the background,
He always was there you see
The motive underlying is woman,
She of the two is the free
He is just Knight for the Lady,
Who smiles in approval or frowns
His business is to get the money,
To pay for jewels and gown.

But I fear he is becoming effeminate,
With woman's ambitious zeal—
And will have to do the nursing
Of babies, if they are real;
But there's no way to check it
She must needs find a career
But I doubt whether she reckons cost
And the throwing out of gear.

Now I don't mean a reflection
On woman in the truest ideal:
But in scanning posterity
For things that are real
I don't see any sons and daughters,
As offspring from them in front
And who will the future look to
Upon whom will fall the brunt?

A Nosey Nose

A nosey nose knows
Not its nose,
Nor knows where its nose is nosing:
It noses, knowing as we know
That a nosing nose is nosing.

Who knows a nose,
That nosing knows
Its own nose,
Or knows that it is nosing:
Its nosing nose knows
Not its nose, nor knows
Whose nose is nosing.

I know a nose,
A nosey, nosing nose,
It noses, knowing as it noses
That a nosing nose,
Knows in nosing,
That a nose full is gained by nosing.

A Spirit Rides

O'er mountain trail and valley sward
A spirit rides each night,
In champ and boots, with clanking spurs
Hunting justice and the right.
It groans and tears away a cup
While the eyes in silence appeals,
For hand to stay a potion
Which to entrails now it feels.

The spirit rides in quest of one
To find and engage in fray,
And brand with lurid sign
Cain's mark, both night and day.
To bind the hands which lifted up
The face with burning lips,
And received the hemlock dregs
Flinching and quivering in the sips.

The spirit rides and points to face
Where is borne the mark and burn,
And cries aloud for vengeance
Satisfaction that it may earn.
On lonely trail the spirit rides
To a mountain peak far away,
And looks down into a valley
But it enters not, they say.

The spirit rides on mountain tops,
Even ashes from hottest flames
Dims not the eye of spirit's ken
Nor can urn keep quiet and tame.
Even horse its rider knows,
Nor weary whate'er betide—
In storm, in flood, throughout the night
On, On, Ceaseless, a Spirit Rides.

Bologna and Applesauce

Leap year came, cords were cut
Which so long held female down,
Pruning plumage, with rapid pace
She gayly saunters into town.
Hers to choose, yea more than right
The law has given her rein,
Man must now give way
And follow in her train.

Like captive cold free from lot
She eyes and measures all,
Her innate instinct discerns,
Fat, lean, short and tall.
To have, to hold, hers to say
What conventions will observe,
And crowds man back behind
Scarcely to be used in reserve.

Rolling her own with master hand,
Glibly puffs the scented cig,
While drooping eyes find her prey
Whose bank roll is very big.
An auto ride, a pink tea,
A bid for furry coat,
The sucker falls, writes a check,
From then on is a goat.

Dixie Zephyrs

Dis old black face, wid wooley top
Kinder lights up tonight,
De song I hyars de music of
Members tings dat once was bright.
Seems like it's callin me back
To the old plantation farm
Sottin at eve, drollin de tune
Lisinin to massy and marm.

De perfume from de magnolia
Steals o'er my senses now,
Recallin of de memries
Of how I used to bow,
De twang of de banjo string
Comes back to dis old eyar
And de music still is sweetest
Tho hands are rough and sear.

Massas has done gone now,
And de Misses gettin old you see
De white house is all strangelike
No cabin is left for me,
But I still hyars dat old strain,
We used so offen to sing,
Dat came from de hearts of all,
Makin joyful de heart wid de ring.

Man

Have you ever seen the animal
So called the man,
Not altogether a cannibal,
Just simply a man?
He oggles you on the thoroughfare,
The color of your eyes, your face, your hair,
If you're caught looking, it becomes a stare.
From this man,
A horrid man.

Oh it is man, man, man,
So the story ran,
Who was captured by woman
When the world first began.
Led away by a bite,
A very small mite,
Since then she's lost her right
For a man,
A real live man.

Life indeed would be funny,
Were it not for man;
Our smiles would not be sunny;
Were it not for man;
He's the lord of our creation
In this and every other nation,
To lose him would be an awful sensation,
To lose our man,
This horrid man.

So we all endure this creature,
So called the man,
For we can't do without the feature
Of having our man,
He pleases our whims, our desires, and our fancies
He takes us to theatres, balls and the dances,
And it's from him we get the sweetest of glances,
From the man,
This horrid man.

A Newsboy

A lad stood on the street one day
Crying paper, mister, please buy a paper,
His shivering form all clothed in rags
And voice becoming weaker and weaker.
The busy, throng passed swiftly by,
Not a word of cheer to give,
To the tad of a newsboy striving so hard
To earn a few pennies to live.

Just a tad of a newsboy
In clothes all tattered and torn,
Just a true little American,
Who, of this world's goods is shorn,
Fighting the fight for a living
Selling papers to the passerby,
Paper, Mister, Please buy a paper,
Why not hearken to the cry.

A mother waits in her humble home
For her brave little manly lad
Who is doing his best in this game of life,
That he may cause her heart to be glad.
'Tis a mother's love for her only child,
A mother who is proud of her boy,
Waiting his return with anxious delight
For her own little Newsboy.

Ode to the Court House of Jasper County, Missouri

Gaze upon its mighty structure,
Formed and built with queenly taste,
Built of stone so white and beautiful
Like unto a maiden pure and chaste
Imposing in its intended purpose,
Majestic in the end to gain.
Dealing justice to all who seek it
Within its portals, free from stain.

O'er it floats the flag of Freedom,
Proudly swelling with each breeze,
And the stars and stripes intermingling,
Proclaim the glory it will achieve
Upon the tower the town clock faces,
Telling to all the passing time,
E'er and anon to those who listen
Comes the music of its chime.

Long may the structure stand untainted,
Long may the flag so proudly wave
And bear to all the needed justice,
That which all do justly crave,
May its name remain unblemished
Be its portals always pure
Through the storms and furious tempests
May it stand and all endure.

The Man of the Hour

The man of the hour is not the one
Who arises at ten and breakfasts at one,
But is up with the sun at break of day
And off to the task to earn his pay.

He knows naught of clubs, or society brawls,
He's a stranger to finance and political squalls,
Yet, he is the rock of Gibraltar whene'er the stake
Is strife for his honor, or his country's sake.

He's one of the thousands, identity unknown.
The man of the hour is not the one
Who plays at the markets, 'til he is undone.
But tills the soil raising corn and wheat
The food for the honest as well as the cheat.

He rides not in autos, on park boulevards,
Decked out in colors and tailors' late garbs,
But trends slowly along in the wake of the blade
Following the furrow, that his plow has made.
The old slouch hat over a dirt begrimed face,
Shading lineaments of manhood, noblest of the race.

The man of the hour, he is the one,
Who has borne the brunt since the world first begun
Whose horny hand though faulty with mien
Holds the policies of all honest men.
His manner of speech may be blunt and plain
Yet 'tis to the point and never in vain.

His home is his castle, his altar of fame,
Seeking naught in this life but an honest name.
So to him I toast and offer this flower,
To the plain FARMER, he's the man of the hour.

A Character

A female, not a woman,
Of the species formed
Not a siren, just a thing
Living because 'twas born.
Neither male nor female at heart,
A hybrid both in sex and desire,
A devilish cunning lurking within
Innate with muck and mire.

Semblance of virtuous innocence
But 'tis ooze from treacherous mud,
Beguiling the victims to woe,
Overwhelming with stinking flood.
Buffonery—yea a loud guffah
Like unto an Amazon's cry
A warwhoop, a sensuous nod
To every passerby.

Cruel to human and beast alike
A torture peculiarly its own,
Poisoning all with its breath
Scorching whatever was sown.
Sinking itself in its slime
It slinks at close of day
And spues a mass of filth
For the unwary prey.

Not possessed of the instinct
To protect its offspring from the wild
But abortions itself to the torture
Of the ill begotten child
A thousand thoughts of murder
When thwarted by nature's claim
Venomous fangs strike
Its victim even after slain.

Borgia like in subtlety
The head to hold for sup,
Its eyes glitter in delight
As death dregs leave the cup,
Feasting upon the writhing agony
Watching the squirms with glee
Dancing around the quivering flesh
In greatest ecstacy.

Satan himself masks his nose,
To avoid the awful stench
Pronging the carcass far in the rear
Starts bellows, consuming the wench
Uttering a sigh at task assigned
And wonders if in vain;
Trusting that hell's hottest flash
May eradicate the strain.

Tell It Straight

We've all been telling things
Since Eve ate of the fruit,
And gotten by fairly well
But our horn has lost its toot.
They've hitched up a new machine
That registers all of the lies,
And don't use the third degree
With men to catachise.

You tell it wrong, You're clocked
The hand jumps to the red,
And you are indexed a liar
Then other things are said.
Your innermost secrets are bared
The same as print of your thumb
Can't beat the game in no way
Not even if you are dumb.

But there's another wrinkle
That's going to revolutionize ways,
And we'll be checked up for sure
With all our devilment and plays.
They can now unhook a receiver
And secure an actual vision,
Of what's going on in a room
By the aid of the television.

Just one thing left now
There's no chance of getting by
You've got to tell the truth
Or you'll have to pay for the lie.
No use to fret, just go straight
A clean mark will then appear
You'll not be making excuses
And have nothing to produce a fear.

Education

What is it this day and age,
That fills the mind of the youth?
Not efficiency in the three "Rs"
For when tested upon that forsooth,
You would laugh at the stumbling
In reading writing or adding a sum
Forming but on conclusion
That they are inherently dumb.

Not want of opportunity
Can be blamed for lack of wit,
For countless are the advantages
Now offered to make them fit.
The whole program of the child
Is fashioned to fit in a class
And a completed organization
Is formed to shape the mass.

There's no stinting no selfish thought
That supersedes the act of learning,
Every thing that human minds desire
Is offered to student in discerning,
The pathway to mental development
To fit, for every walk of life
That each pupil may be fitted
To cope with contest and strife.

But the product is a puzzle
Along the best standards of the game
The diploma does not stand the test
When confronted with the real strain.
The class with its pastel shades
Present a most beautiful array,
But when the stormy rain blows
They hurriedly fade away.

A smattering in this, and that
First furrow plowed in the field
Never get the seed fallowed in
How can you expect a yield.
Just a taste of the fruit by tongue
Even that as a sensation to try
But the real merit of the same
Is left in the basket, too dry.

A steel is not tempered true
By molten heat and watery plunge.
But is hammered, by brawny hand
Oft repeated is the lunge.
The smith watches for the purple tint,
Which is the climax of the test
And knows that he has a metal
Which will rank up with the best.

Multitudes of theories are given
On the advantages of present plan
But the underlying basis of all
Is present, Future do not scan,
The house is not builded to stand the storms
The girders are full of holes
Slippers and pumps, will not walk the road
There is no depth to the soles.

The slate and pencil relegated to rear
Fountain pens, and ledger sheets hold sway
But pen oft breaks, not from use however
While the sheets are secretly hid away.
Silk stockings and powder puffs
Do not add intelligence to the brain
And the cost to supply them
Is causing many a bitter pain.

A Clean Sport

I watched his progress in school day life,
With the marks he would attain:
Noting with pride the goal he would set,
And effort put forth to obtain.
I heard his tutors offer him praise
And predict the future and success,
Observing the scores in each term
Establishing a positiveness not a guess.

His diploma marked with a golden seal
Standing to the front with the honor,
Accepting with pride a well earned reward
With the compliments of the donor.
But beyond all this I saw a trait
That was not entered on the scroll:
'Twas the ready lift to his rival mate
To help him win the goal.

I saw him enter the college course
Measuring the life as he would span,
Fitting in with music and song
Offering mirth and joy to his fellowman.
Midst all praises sung, and honors had
As offered in class, field or court
The one that sounded the best to me
Was, "He sure is a real clean sport."

It takes more than cap and gown,
With name written fancifully in the scroll
To win success in life's great race
And have your real self on the roll,
But there's one thing sure that'll help a lot
In meeting with all manner and sort,
If your associates say of you then
"He sure is a real clean sport."

Climbing

We're always climbing up a grade,
To reach the top, or goal we have made;
We look in the distance, set a pace
Puffing and panting while in the race.
We falter, we stumble, but keep going on,
Using the past, days that are gone
As rungs on the ladder, niches in the wall
Where feet once planted prevented a fall.

Sometimes we pause on jutting crags
Mentally tired, while body drags,
Look backward, and down into abyss,
Shuddering at thought of narrow miss;
Then gritting our teeth, push on and up,
Touching dry lips, with nature's cup
Of ambition and zeal to succeed,
Filling a want, a desire, and need.

Each must needs pursue his own trail,
Pressing onward, upward regardless of wail
Measuring gait, and load to carry,
Pushing on, on, no time to tarry.
Climbing, yes climbing toward goal ahead,
From infant in cradle, to the last bed;
Even then as spirit wafts out the door,
It climbs upward, in its heavenly soar.

A Gnawin' of Vitals

'Tis a gnawin and bitin of the vitals
The deep of worry and care,
That marks the forehead with furrows,
And deadens the gloss of the hair.
Gnawin that brings a dull ache,
Causing eyeballs to burn with pain,
A lingering longing for relief,
But it strikes again and again.

'Tis the deep of the deepest feelings,
In a recess darkest of dark,
That you know is the hurting
Your mind alone knows the mark.
There's but One other knows the meaning
With Him you commune and plead;
He and you know of the gnawin
His advice and counsel you need.

Your in'ards send up their sigh,
A plaintive note, you alone know,
Carries with it part of the heart valve
As it pushes the blood in its flow.
It tears until you feel inward bleeding,
A trickle of life blood apart,
A knowledge of some dereliction
Hidden way down in the heart.

You seek relief and are thwarted,
The gnawin fetters you tight;
Midst crowd or in your lonesomeness,
You know of its constant bite.
On mountain top, or in cavern gloom,
Through sunshine, clouds or rain,
From palace to the humble cot
You still feel the gnawin pain.

"Livin' Now"

"Gee! Dad, it's sure good living these times,
Why shaw Dad! we spend dollars, with you it was dimes.

We don't hitch up a horse, when we want to ride,
Just step on the gas, take a wheel for the guide.
Sure must have been slow Dad, in your day,
You worked all the time, and couldn't play.
Why now the law says, you must recreate,
And that's one law, we agree is a proper rate."

"Times have changed Dad, since you were a lad,
Olds things are stored away, fact is most were bad.
Why Shucks: It's now just one continual go.
And you old fellows are outclassed, you're too slow.
Say Dad! Let me have a twenty, I'm going out tonight
Thanks awfully Old Chap; you never were tight.
How did you manage to hold on to the dough
Didn't you have any good times, were you always slow?"
"Yes I've heard you tell of the wagon,
That you made out of a box from the store,
And how you cut fishing poles, down on the river shore."
Yes and you wore made over pants,
With patches on the seat and knees,
But Gee Dad! I couldn't do that now,
Folks would think I was a cheese.
Why you didn't see your girl only on Sunday,
After church and dinner was through,
They don't do it that way now Dad,
Why the girl would be in a stew."

"Sorry Dad! I'm using the Cad,
You'll have to ride the bus to town,
I'll have to go now, and make the garage
For I note one of the tires was down.
Tell mother I'll be back later,
This is a great old world to live in,
We have so many things to go to,
Just don't know with which one to begin."

Oh Yes! you gave me that twenty:
Yes: Well girls, dinners and dances come high,
But we have to keep up with the procession
No time now to fluke or sigh.
This is a great world we live in,
Just full of pleasure and joy,
Good by Dad: I'm off to the frolic,
To have a good time, Oh you Boy!!

Mount Helix

I was carried to the mountain top,
On plush made seats of ease,
To gaze upon the whitened cross;
Symbolic of the rugged tree.
No fatigue o'ercame my form,
Nor sweat from out my pore
Heavy was not my beating heart,
Nor were thoughts in kind, or more.

But somehow as I stood there
In the shadow of the tree,
How much, in all the centuries past,
Its raising has meant for me;
My head hung in self-conviction,
Of how unworthy I have been,
How many were my shortcomings,
How great had been my sin.

From its brow I saw the climb,
Like unto Olivet's rugged trail,
How tiresome must have been the trudge,
As goaded on by spear and flail.
How great the load to carry,
As steps falteringly climbed the grade
How all was borne so willingly;
The sacrifice for me was made.

As I raised my wondering eyes
To outstretched arms of white,
The vision of HIM crucified,
Was ever in my sight.
I saw the nail pierced hands,
Seemingly beckoning me up,
I realized how bitter the dregs,
When for me he drained the cup.

I crept deeply in its shadow,
Feeling close its protecting arm;
Having faith, that if willing
I should be protected from harm.
Oh cross: You are but earthly,
Through you, and beyond I see
That while carrying you in this life
Beyond this—I shall be free.

Getting Old

We hate to admit, we're getting old;
Don't want to own up, that the blood's running cold;
Hate to hear, "You're moving too slow,"
But we know when we've lost, the pep and go.
The head is willing to keep in the race,
We'll take it on to save our face;
Then we find we've been a trifle bold,
We tremble a little, Just getting old.

The eyes don't sparkle like they did one day,
Don't get the thrill as when young and gay;
We don't count the future as a pleasant lark,
Lights are not so bright, becoming a little dark.
The machine is wearing, bolts getting somewhat loose,
Rattling perhaps in some parts, or some other excuse,
Our clothes are more weighty, scarf more closely rolled,
We feel the blasts more keenly, just getting old.

Sounds seem discordant, to nerves of the ear,
And oft not heard, or spoken more loudly I fear;
The voice harsh and rasping, lost part of the mellow tone,
And is dry and exacting, most all the sweetness gone.
We yawn when the hour grows more late,
Times seem to gather speed, or increase in rate,
We criticise lines of conduct, claiming too bold,
Then we hear on every corner, Just getting old.

A Strange Measure

I have figured with many measures,
In the various walks of life,
Calculating all sorts of dimensions,
With rules that were usual and rife.
I have used many kinds of containers,
In securing results or terms
But never but once did I view,
A whiskey glass used for worms.

I have purchased all sorts of merchandise
Things to use or to wear,
I have spent money in gaming,
Even bucking up against the snares:
I have seen strange decoctions
Put up by different firms,
But never but once did I buy,
Three glasses of fishing worms.

I have drunk many kinds of liquids,
For thirst and stimulating effect,
From gourds, dippers, bottles and jugs,
Fancy and otherwise select,
I've not balked or kicked much
At strange collection of germs,
But I had to draw the line,
On a glassful of fishing worms.

A Fallen Tree

There's a vacancy in the forest,
An Oak, we knew so well
Has Fallen, no longer stands among us,
Gone is its shadowy dell.
But memories linger with us,
Of how we leaned against the form,
How oft the sheltering branches
Protected throughout the storm.

It's filled a place in our life,
Measuring with mighty strength
Now we note how great a void
Was made by the great length.
We'll miss the hovering branches
Beneath which we gamboled free,
We'll oft think of a cherished spot
Where once stood a mighty tree.

Half Soled

He sat on a rock,
Absorbing the shock,
Holding a line for a bite;
The sun was hot.
Fish were not
Otherwise things were all right.

Patience gave way,
The body wants pay
When heat and hardness prevail;
Rock don't soften
At least not often,
Causing the best of us to quail.

He arose and grunted,
Numbness could not be shunted,
It seemed without feeling, and cold;
"If I sit any longer,
I'll have to get stronger,
Or have the seat of my pants half soled.

Jokeless Joking

'Tis without a bit of humor
To joke on a fellow's plight,
Be it from dereliction
Or caused from unwonted fright.
It bespeaks a lack of knowledge,
The product of a puerile mind
To laugh at a misfortune,
That happens to your fellowkind.

Don't laugh at the misshapen;
For 'tis added mar to the break,
Try to fancy the real purpose
Of the Sculptor in quest to make.
Rather pity a fallen brother,
Yours is to lift, not press down,
Remember that the human heart
Is not judged by wealth or gown.

Don't pun at a faulty answer;
Help the fellow to get right,
Don't give vent to mental weakness
Get upon the plane, where there's might.
Laugh not at a penalty inflicted,
Does not become the toga as worn;
And wrests from the law its purpose
From the real meaning is shorn.

My Preacherman

I likes you a lot, Mr. Preacherman,
You seem kinder than my teacherman;
That laugh and smile on your face
Makes me want to do right in the race.
You act somehow like you was Pa,
Then again I feel like it was Ma
Saying kind words when I skinned my shin
And I start over, to try to win.

You can tell me things of the Big Man
Who's been here since the world began.
It helps a boy a lot as he goes along
Makes him think before he does wrong.
You go in the game with bat and ball,
And we don't fuss, when you call ball,
You don't fudge when shootin the taw
Don't rub salt when the wound is raw.

We want you captain of our team,
You give us more pep, we have more steam.
And you don't knock the ball so far,
Things go right, nothing to mar.
Us kids always feel we've had a good time
When you are one of us, helping to climb;
We voted you boss, Mr. Preacherman,
And your say goes, Mr. Preacherman.

You're a real pal, preacherman,
I note that you do all that you can
In helping us fellows win the game:
And in rain or shine, you're just the same.
You don't wear a crust, don't fuss the pout
Always keep smiling even when counted out.
And it helps a lot, keeps up the tone
Makes workers out of shirker and drones.

You know it's real stuff, we're looking for now,
One who pulls without making a row,
We like the way you hit the trails,
Bucking against whate'er entails;
That's the sort who will carry on
And lasts longest when the other's gone;
You're a good fellow to have around,
Life seems safer, and on steady ground.

Yes pal we want you, close, near by;
'Cause there are times when it's a real try
To keep up spirit, to make the fight;
Playing square, and doing the right
And even if we lose in contest of strength
While you were with us going your length,
Somehow or other the sting's not there
'Cause we know we played it square.

Brother Preacher, Come in, have a chair;
Glad you called, I want to lay bare
Some worries I have in my walk of life,
It's hard to go straight in all this strife.
Seems like pulling this way and that
Our old ideals shatter and go nearly flat,
Then I think of you, and what you said
About things worth while, and real bread.

Yes problems are vexing, we lose our hold
Forget many things, the heart grows cold.
You're just like a shower to parched soil
Healing the wounds with wine and oil.
We'd get badly mixed, if it wasn't for you
To tell us real things, and what to do;
We haven't figured, just what you're worth
We've slighted your reach, and great girth.

Beside my cold form, you comfort the wife
You wipe away tears that come to this life
Your mission is to hold us in tow,
If it wasn't for you, I don't know where we'd go

We're very selfish, we don't think of you
Until we have trouble, don't know what to do
You just sit there and rest, I'll pull the load,
Get it up the hill, and onto the road.

Preacher, I'm glad you called in today
I'm feeling a little shaky as to the way,
I've never been so sure, when the wind blows
And I want to get pointers, from one who knows.
This old bark is leaking in many parts
The shield don't keep off all the darts
And the clasp of your hand when I say "good by,"
Will give me courage to make the try.

Why preacher your hand seems like it's cold
Who'd thought that you were getting old,
But year great heart always was warm
Helping us along, keeping us from harm.
Even now, you're offering to steer this boat,
Acting as compass, to keep me afloat
We always expect you to be on the deck
To avoid the rocks, and prevent the wreck.

We've erected memorials, and monuments to men.
We've builded shafts, and shouted amen
When our victorious armies returned from afar
National honor safe, nothing to mar:
But for the great strife, fighting sin
Our heroes go down, sacrificing to win
Offering their all, attaining the goals
The greatest reward, Salvation of souls.

Let's not always chisel a stone,
It's the living who utter a groan
Bearing the weight of many years
Bravely approaching without stint or fears
Our preacher responds to your timely need,
Lifts you up regardless of creed:
Let's scatter flowers to the living man,
Appreciating the value of OUR PREACHERMAN.

A Test

Life is big
Yet 'tis small,
Depends on you
And the call.
You mean well
Intend what's right
Then get scared
Overcome with fright.

You like to ride
Well to the front,
When weather's fine
No gales to brunt;
When storms blow
Seek the rear,
Full of excuses
Deny the fear.

Fairweather sailor
With good boat,
Other fellow's effort
Keeping you afloat,
If leak springs
You grab the plank,
Look with dismay
Where others sank.

Are you big?
Are you small?
Do you measure up
If so—How tall?
Do you pull a load
Blazing a trail,
Are you a head
Or just the tail?

Find a place,
Make a mark;
Get into the open,
Don't stay in the dark.
Set your own pace
Don't be slinking,
An ounce of action is
Worth a ton of thinking.

Nowdays

You see funny sights,
Nowdays,
You hear strange words
Nowdays.
You're shoved in the push
Dragged on with a rush,
You appear very flush
Nowdays.

The hair is bobbed,
Nowdays:
Wear dresses to their knees
Nowdays.
The stockings are rolled
Actions are bold
We never get old,
Nowdays.

The man is outclassed,
Nowdays:
Women have all the say
Nowdays,
He is allowed to hang around
Push the cart, hoe the ground
Fasten buttons on woman's gown:
Nowdays.

Music is called jazz
Nowdays,
And played all hours
Nowdays:
You leave home late at night
Dance as long as can keep aright
Very often come home tight:
Nowdays.

Youth is far front,
Nowdays
The old are far behind
Nowdays.
They have nothing to say
Most times are in the way
Just called upon to pay,
Nowdays.

You spend all you make
Nowdays.
But mostly for show
Nowdays,
Not for clothes that you wear
For the form is almost bare
That creates the greatest stare,
Nowdays.

Facts and Figures

This day of revelations
In creating of sensations
We are seeing more and more,
Somehow there's a funny feeling
Which o'er our senses is stealing
A removal of things that once were bore.

There's a bareness of the figure,
The dress has become so meagre
We're acquainted with the human form.
No longer do we wonder
Of what is next or under,
Or the texture of the weave as is worn.

The days are fast and furious,
Satisfying the most curious,
Fraught with emotions and desire.
We delight in putting over
Things we used to keep in cover,
Telling folks, "we're just taking a flier."

Vanishing Ideals

Like fading flowers they're passing on
The fragrance and beauty we love.
We're drawn close to earth, with its dusty smell,
No longer get the odor from above.
The lines so defined by the Master hand
Corroded and obscured with veneer
The knowledge of this earthly domain
Fraught with distrust and fear.

Virtues are fettered with selfish ends
Art clothed with sensuous thought
A price is plastered on mankind
With a certain amount he is bought.
The serpent's lure no longer appeals
We have embraced full measure of sin.
No longer do we shudder and hesitate
Nor wonder what lies within.

We know the price, and freely give
To experience the feeling and thrills
We gladly pay, with sacrifice
Keeping up a pace that kills.
What will arise from this burning pyre
What then—when the fuel's consumed
Are we to enter a field of greater joy
Or in regret and sorrow be consumed?

The Old Man

Where does he fit this day and age,
What part of the book, on what page
Do you find the old man of today?
There is no one to see him, little to say:
He's passed beyond the demands of life,
He a waser, not counted in the strife.

He sits in the corner toasting his shin,
Remaining very still, not even listenin' in.
Has no part in program of things worth while
Just put off to one side, docile and mild.
Yawning early in eventide, nothing said
Quietly slips out, and up to his bed.

His thoughts are of the past, adding up
Totals drained from his life's cup
And ere and anon as he rubs his hands
Sounds like noise from papers of sand,
And don't respond with warmth in touch
Rather cold, calloused and of such.

His joints are stiff, grate as they bend;
Crack in moving, slowness doth attend,
Face furrowed, hair lost its gloss.
There's a lack of spirit, he knows the loss
Not much of future for him to scan
Just about finished is the old man.

Falsities

Life is filled with false and deceitful ways.
Commercializing the virtues, claiming it pays:
The sordid desires have encompassed man
His soul is bartered as part of the plan.
The dross and alloy, which hides the real
Has numbed the senses, taken away the feel
No longer does he shudder and stand aghast
Higher ideals gone, now things of the past.

The home is forgotten, with its sacred walls.
There's a falsity which supplants, with luring calls
The bright lights, with their seductive charm
Enticing the youth to destruction and harm.
False prophets beguile with tempting twangs
Hiding beneath the poisonous fangs
The philosophy is false, leads but to decay
And filled with heartaches all along the way.

The fireside with its strong protecting arm,
Which was the sanctuary, a haven from harm,
Is discarded, its mellow light expires
Youth seeks the dark, riding on rubber tires.
The shield and buckler, as fashioned at home,
Cast aside, in its place under other dome,
Artifices are used, to entice and ensnare
'Tis the call of the evil, to the deep of the lair.

This knowledge of life, as held for a goal,
Is running in conflict, the burning of the soul:
'Tis a payment, a price, an unreckoned cost,
To give, and then admit, 'twas lost.
Tear aside the mask, be true to yourself
Stain not your life, with dirty pelf,
Stand true, resisting the tempter's guile
'Twill profit you much, 'tis worth while.

Spreadin' de Bull

Folks sure do like, dis spreadin de bull;
Whedder de pot is empty, or heapin full,
Dey builds de fire in dere head,
And gets a lotta kick out of what is said.
Makes no diffrunce what line you fro
Just shootin hot air wharebber you go,
Dopin you up wid dis "make believe,"
And dey knows darn well, 'tis full of deceive.

Ebry fellows got an axe, he wants to grind
Shoving and pushin, to get from behind,
Yo listin to his tale, admirin his gall
Den fall to de gaff, hook, sinker and all
Yo sorter swell up wid dis sort of punk
And ain't goin to admit, "nothin but bunk,"
Jest lookin for someone on which to unload
Hopin to cotch him, befo he get on de road.

Dese high powered sellers figger you to de end,
And if you don't meet em, for you den dey send,
Ties you up wid dere finger on your nose,
Geta yore name on de paper, and den blows.
You rubs yore eyes and wonders, whar's youse at,
Den realizes dat he's been talkin thru his hat,
You look at de copy, he done left fo you
And fust you gets white, and den gets blue.

De fellow runs for office, on a built up stage,
Chuck full of rotten planks, painted to hide dere age;
And when dey is elected, fust thing dey schemes
Is to fool de people wid oder things it seems
Dey figger how to hold on to dere easy seat,
All de time hustlin playin up wid de meet.
Feeding folks wid taffy, 'til dere belly's full,
All de time knowin, jest spreadin of de bull.

Yore Pay Check

Youse gets what you arn, for what you do
De time is full counted, and paid out to you
You can make de check jest as big as you like
Providin you is workin, not playin on de pike
Lots of folks figger, dey don't hab to work
And lookin for de easy time, labor dey shirk
Den kick and holler, case dere name ain't dere
When de paymaster passes em up den and dere.

But youse no right to kick, case you laid off,
Got all dats comin to you, and dats purty sof'
Yo started in to fool, wid yore litle job
And when youse measured up, for yore little dab,
Ain't much to be added, case you didn't sho
Youse ain't got a kick comin, dat you well know,
Whats youse arn you get, youse paid in full
But it's got to be somefin, sides slingin de bull.

Lotta fellas think case dey has a card
Dat dey can play all day in the yard,
Lay on de grass, underneath de tree
Don't hab to listin, jest like dey was free
And den when hog meat is scarce in de pan
Wants de odder fellow to help all he can
Growlin and cussin, at de rate per day,
And facts is done nothin to arn any pay.

Some folks think, dey has it comin to dem
Dey has, but dat IT ain't jest de sem
As dey thinks, and dey get a surprize
On pay day, right befo dere bery ize
Dose fellas whose been pullin de load
Gets all de gravy, youse left in de road,
You can holler all youse want, you is passed by
And youse can't cotch up, don't need to try.

Take off yore coat, and start a swet,
Arn somethin, do somethin, don't stay set,
De world's got yore livin, but it's up to you
Ain't goin hand you nuffin, ain't yore due.
Dig in, likes youse mean it, make de dirt fly,
Den de boss will obsarve you, in passin by
Den when de pay roll is ready to mek
Yore name's seen, and you'll get a pay check.

En Masque

We don you in wakeful hour
Hiding closely behind the guise,
Sembling of things quite unreal
Wise and otherwise.
Affords us a chosen niche,
Where self is stored away
Keeping hidden in the retreat
Viewed only on our certain day.

Always in style, with vesture gay
Fitted to form without tape,
The colors suit exacting ones
Quickly lending form and shape.
Moulds itself to each desire,
As wearer strikes his stride
Ever ready to hide the real
Closer than brother doth abide.

Ever present in fashion or in art,
Lending color or chic to the taste
Suited to all, within the grasp
Without reference to position or caste;
Clung to with determined intent
To hide from the closest gaze,
Innermost feelings, ever present within
Creating an illusion and haze.

Back Seat Driving

She settled herself in plush in the rear,
Adjusted her gown with repose,
Her glasses were wiped with a silken cloth
And again fixed firmly on her nose.
"Now drive carefully, Alfred all the time,
Know thoroughly just what to do,
Don't try to look at the passing folks
Think what their car might do to you."

"Don't drive so fast, there's plenty of time
And you jostle me so I can't see,
Remember now I'm sitting in back
Let your actions be always, SAFETY,
Now I see a car coming on ahead,
Get well over to your side of the road;
Look out! there's a ditch you're getting in,
My! My! Did you ever see such a toad."

"Umph— Umph—" What on earth did you hit,
Can't you see when driving a car?
I wish I could get out for a ride
Without having my nerves all on a jar.
WOW! WOW! you almost hit him, not so fast,
If you don't slow down and drive right
I'll get out of this pesky old car,
And wait until you improve in your sight."

"O————h! There's a car to your left,
STOP! Let him go by, then go ahead,
GO ON! GO ON! There's a car just behind,
I declare I know this'll put me in bed.
Ca—chug, Ca—Chug, "My land now what,
Did you have those brakes seen to?
Not the brakes! well what in world is it
Seems as if there's something you should do."

"SHIFTING GEARS! What did you do that for?
Run Slower! Heavens we're late now!
Strange thing to me, I can't ride with you
Without fussing and getting in a row:
Stay at Home! That's just like you men,
Want to joy ride all around town,
Flirting with women you see on the walk,
With your eyes just below edge of the gown."

"Oh There's Mrs. Smith! Why don't you speak
How do you expect me to hold my place,
When you are so thoughtless and impolite
Not even turning your head or your face?
Look where you're going now! HOLD THAT WHEEL!
Don't care if you do itch, 'nwant to scratch
You use both of YOUR HANDS to steer the car
Don't be fumbling around for a match."

"Did you get plenty of gas before starting out?
You're so thoughtless in all that you do,
If you'd keep your wits to working
You'd not always be in such a stew.
There's Mrs. Brown: Stop—Pick her up:
Well: Well: I said stop, not slow down,
She's going right out our way,
And we'll give her a lift to town."

"UMPGH— GUMPH," Well Al that strained my back
I know you have broken a spring,
Now don't show your heat in presence of—
—No trouble, Fred saw you in passing.
The radiator's boiling, Al can't you see?
How far are we from the water place,
My it's sizzling so, I'm afraid it'll blow up
Mrs. Brown, do I need to powder my face?"

"Better have him look at the gas and oil,
Yes Mrs. Brown, it's delightful to ride,
So relaxing from strain and the nerve,
When you have pleasant folks by your side:

"Alfred does not the battery need help
Tell the man to be not so slow,
Strange thing to me, you don't think of that
Before starting out, where you're to go.

"Well: Off at LAST: Fred where is my purse?
Oh HERE It IS! It had fallen down:
GOODNESS ME! Can't you slow up,
So's I don't spill it all over my gown.
There's the Jones, driving their coach
I feel sorry for that poor man,
His wife nags and torments him so much
No wonder he's lost all his sand."

"Better turn to the right Fred, Avoid jams—
I get so upset when we get in a pinch;
Some folks hog all of the road
And won't turn out a single inch.
Alfred this is not paved, why come this way
Well you ought to know how to drive,
It seems to me that if I was running a car
I'd not get into a veritable hive."

"Where do you get out Mrs. Brown? Oh Yes,
Fred, that's on corner of 15th and Jay
No trouble at all, right on our road,
Fred did you hear?—15th and JAY.
Now What's the matter, Why street's closed
STOP FRED! Don't you ever read signs?
You'll have to back up, to turn around
Be Careful now, we're in the danger lines."

"Umbp, Umbp,"—"Pardon me Mrs. Brown,"
Fred, I wish you would watch out more,
When driving on these pesky streets.
So much jostling really makes me sore,
You can't turn here it says, GO TO RIGHT!
Oh Well, I'm left handed I know,
What's that on the board to your left?
SLOW DOWN FRED! Don't you see it says SLOW?"

"Buz—z—z—." "That fellow's driving too fast.
But some folks don't use brains at all,
Racing, speeding and shoving along,
Not caring a rap, so long's they don't fall.
LOOK FRED! There's a truck ahead,
Can't you pass him, and go on by?
Not Room?—Umph—! Well I suppose we'll poke.
YOU COULD If you would—! AFRAID TO TRY!"

"Yes this is the place Mrs. Brown gets out,
"You're welcome indeed," "so glad to assist,"
"I presume I'll see you out at the club—"
YES INDEED, I certainly love to play whist.
CAREFUL ALFRED!—"Good By Mrs. Brown:"
Now we're late—So hurry along,
Watch Out FOR THE TRAFFIC. We're in the midst
GO BY THE SIGNALS—! WAIT FOR THE GONG!"

"—N-o-w—GO AHEAD!—My—My—HURRY UP!
DON'T YOU SEE THAT FELLOW WAVING YOU BY?
Let's get out of this muss, GET ON AHEAD—!
I'm so nervous, I feel I'm going to cry.
No I Don't think I'll shop today
I certaintly am in no humor or mood,
To jostle and push the motley throng,
Shoving amongst the ignorant and rude."

"Look OUT FOR THAT Fellow! Why don't you look
"S-C-R-APE"—"WELL GET OUT AND SEE WHAT IT IS.
GET HIS NAME, NUMBER OF HIS CAR!
He'll say it's your fault and not his.
BENT THE FENDER YOU SAY? IS THAT A-L-L?
I'm Sure there's more damage than that.
Way he was driving and going on,
I'll bet he didn't know where he was at."

"What's that?—THE OFFICER GAVE YOU A CARD?
SAID YOU WERE AT FAULT? Not Seeing Sign?
Well—Well—I Declare:—Well get on—let's go.
Get away from this traffic, away from the line

Fred what's making the car jerk so hard?—
Do you suppose it's going to stop dead,
When I get home,—If I ever do,
I'm going to pile right up in bed."

"Grrruump—Grruuumm—p gggrup—grmp—mp,"
"Gracious me! It is going to fall apart?
Such trials as these are a terrible strain,
I know now what's affecting my heart:
Gabump—"FRED HE HIT YOU IN THE REAR,
CAN'T YOU GET ON?—Well DRIVE TO THE SIDE.
I'm going to get up in front with you:
Just think such an ending to my ride!"

"I WON'T SIT STILL, AND BE KILLED OUTRIGHT!
If YOU Don't Stop, I'll crawl over the seat,
Now Start on again I'll help you watch,
I wish you'd keep off of my feet,
Well WHAT NOW? WON'T THE OLD THING GO?
PUSH on THAT—THAT—THING A MA DAD,
The way you are acting with the car,
Folks around would think you were mad."

"WELL!—, GET OUT AND CRANK, Do something now,
DON'T Tinker around HERE ALL DAY!"
SPUTTER SPIT-ZXXZ Spit-Z?Z?—Spittemm—m
"THERE! I Knew I'd HAVE TO Show you the WAY.
YES I WANT TO GO HOME! I'm tuckered out,
And just about ready to blow up,
I Don't understand that grinding noise,
Have you got ANY GREASE IN THE CUP?"

"You'll Hit Some One IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT!
Then you'll be in for a claim for loss,
YOU DON'T CARE?—Well it's all your fault,
And you needn't act so mean and cross.
Your tie is all out of shape and loose,
One would think you didn't half dress,
This certainly has been a heck of a time
Ending up in a nasty old mess."

"I want you to take this car to a garage,
And have it thoroughly overhauled,
Then when we go out for an evening drive,
Maybe it'll run and not merely crawl,
I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING OF THE KIND!
Just asked you kindly not to speed,
Of Course if you don't want ME along
PICK UP the other woman you need."

"I WANT TO HELP YOU HOLD ONTO THE WHEEL!
WELL!—HOLD it Then. You think you're smart.
LOOK OUT! YE GODS—WHY A BLACK CAT!
DIDN'T YOU SEE IT SLIP ACROSS WITH A DART?
Better turn on the light. It's getting dark
Heavens know, YOU NEED ALL THE LIGHT!
I certainly am glad we're nearly home
Before something else will cause more fright."

POPPPHew————ewe————.
Carump-Carump. Caruummp—caaruummmp cromv.
"NOW WHAT HAS HAPPENED? BLOWOUT IN THE TIRE!
I suppose we're to sit here for an hour,
NO OIL IN THE SPARE? Well for heaven's sake;
WELL—WELL—DON'T SIT—! LIKE A BUMP ON A LOG!
GET OUT FIND SOME ONE! GET IT REPAIRED!
YOU ACT LIKE YOU HADN'T ANY MIND!
One would think you'd show that you cared."

"YOU WERE A LONG TIME IN COMING?
HAD TO WAIT?—DOES HE KNOW WHO I AM!
Well, what did he say when you told him?
HOW'S THAT? HOW'S THAT? DIDN'T GIVE A DAM?
?—?—?—?—?—?—?—When did he say he'd be here?
And How LONG IS IT GOING TO TAKE?
HOW FAR IS IT TO THE STREET CAR,
CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING FOR MY SAKE?"

"Well you can bring it home yourself,
I'll go on and get in the house,
If you want any dinner. Better bring it along
Nothing at home but some old souse.

YOU STAY WITH THE CAR 'til HE GETS THROUGH!
Then He'll not Spend all night on the task,
JUST REMEMBER AFTER THIS. When I'm with you
You'll DO EVERYTHING THAT I ASK."

The Author: I understand that the driver has been completely restored to health. by taking long walks in the park every evening.

If you have gained a thought
If in your mind resolve is wrought,
Live it.
A cheerful word to a broken heart—
Your armour to catch a hurling dart,
Give it.
Happiness drives away sorrow and tears,
A smile to your friends brings comfort and cheer,
Spread it.

To Friends

I would not assume to call you mine,
'Twould be selfish, and not sublime;
If I've gained place in your high esteem,
I am grateful, for it would seem
Perhaps I've added to your pleasant thought;
And helped with something, I have wrought
To add to your joy, as life you sailed
Then I can feel, that I have not failed.

CHARLES E. BURCH.

Some Thoughts

	Page
Panoramic	6
Philosophy	7
Sop	7
Life (Ideal)	9
Life (Chance)	17
The Kick Out of Life	21
To My Friend	25
What Have You Got	26
Be Real	29
Would You—Could You	31
A Bouquet	33
Troublesome Winds	35
Pictures I Would Like to Erase	37
The Sign Post	38
To My Wife	39
The Legal Profession	40
X-Rays	43
A Medical G. I.	44
Ain't It The Truth	51
Salesmanship	54
Stuck Up	56
Regulated	60
You'se Ain't What Is	64
Speed	69
Tin Cans and Paper Bags	73
The Flapper	76
Tight Places	77
Clothes	80
Raising The Family	82
Bitter Dregs	86

Page

Don Volcassio 88
To My Dad 91
Little Deeds of Kindness 92
Doping The Mind 93
Morini 94
The Stage 96
Style 98
Gone But Not Forgotten 99
Priceless Pictures 101
The Lost Jewel 104
Publicity 106
Josephine 108
A Clean Start 110
The Eaglet's Flight 111
Bon Voyage to Mary 113
The New Swimming Pool 114
Little and Big 116
Dementia Radiox (Jazz) 119
The Passing Show 122
Stop, Look, Listen 125
Flat Tires and Blow Outs 126
Some Women's Rights 128
A Nosey Nose 130
A Spirit Rides 131
Bologna and Applesauce 132
Dixie Zephyrs 133
Man 134
A Newsboy 135
Ode To Court House 136
The Man of The Hour 137
A Character 138
Tell It Straight 140

Page

Education 141
A Clean Sport 143
Climbing 145
A Gnawin' of Vitals 146
Livin' Now 147
Mount Helix 149
Getting Old 151
A Strange Measure 152
A Fallen Tree 153
Half Soled 154
Jokeless Joking 155
My Preacherman 156
A Test 159
Nowdays 161
Facts and Figures 163
Vanishing Ideals 164
The Old Man 165
Falsities 166
Spreadin' De Bull 167
Yore Pay Check 168
En Masque 170
Back Seat Driving 171
Admonition 177
To Friends 178
Index 179

P6-AFO-357